

# THE LIVING AGE

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## A WEEK OF THE WORLD

### ENGLAND'S UNIVERSITY PROBLEMS

THE English universities, like our own, are feeling the high cost of living. Expenses in most of the provincial universities have more than doubled, and it has been found necessary in several cases to advance tuition fees, as well as to petition Parliament and local bodies for grants double those of pre-war days. Attendance is very heavy. University College, London, reports three hundred more students than in 1913. Over nine hundred of the students in attendance (at University College) have seen war service. 'A large number of these would have been unable to obtain a university education but for the government scheme under which fees and maintenance are either partially or wholly provided.' Oxford appeals to private generosity for better scientific equipment, particularly deploring the inadequacies in chemical laboratory buildings and equipment. 'A Great Adventure in Education' is a term used to describe the Summer School at Balliol College, Oxford. Most of the students are manual workers between 35 and 50 years of age, chiefly from winter classes of the Workers' Educational Association. The *London Daily Chronicle* says:

Several of the tutors are 'sweet girl graduates,' and it is interesting to see them sitting in the shade of Balliol trees, expounding economic theory, or revealing the beauties of literature to men old enough to be their fathers. It is a great thing that the eager desire for knowledge among the adult population should be satisfied by the winter tutorial classes; in a sense it is an even finer thing that when the students of Balliol 'go down,' their places should be taken by men who come from mines, mills, and workshops — from narrowing, ugly, and depressing conditions of many kinds — to associate with each other and with cultured men and women in the magic atmosphere.

### AN INDIAN PROTEST

RABINDRANATH TAGORE, who is visiting London with his son and step-daughter, recently expressed himself to a correspondent of the *Copenhagen Politiken*, regarding conditions in India, as follows:

We fear that there will be a heavy immigration of European capitalists to India in the next few years. The condition of the labor market in Europe is so uncertain, and the demands of the working people are so high, that many capitalists will consider it wise to invest their money in India. Now that will be no blessing for my people. India is itself in a condition of unrest and insecurity, and no one can say what the future will bring forth. I do not think that Bolshevism will make much progress in India. The people are not likely to adopt communist ideas, because they are incapable of understanding them. But it is not beyond the bounds of possibility that they may use such ideas, without comprehend-

ing their true import, as a last recourse in their effort to liberate themselves from their present tutelage.

We Indian nationalists are not trying to secure independence; the time for that has not come. Our people must go through a long period of development before that is practicable. We do want, however, more rights of self-government, and an opportunity gradually to acquire, in the English Empire, a position comparable with that of Canada and Australia. Possibly we shall make blunders in the beginning, but only thus can we learn to do better. I cherish the highest respect for the men now in charge of our Indian affairs. I appreciate their earnest endeavors to settle things in a way satisfactory to all. However, that will not be done by the present law. The people of India feel that they are disregarded and placed at an unfair advantage, that they are subject to a stupid kind of tutelage. The alleged religious tension between Hindus and Mohammedans, which is sometimes used as an argument against self-government, exists only in provinces where European influence is strong; such animosity as there is, is nourished from without. In districts where the natives are not subject to European influence men of both creeds live together in harmony. More than that, the Mohammedan agitation against the Peace Treaty is likewise artificial. The followers of Islam in India have no more use for the Turks than have the Arabians and the Egyptians.

In the conclusion of his interview, the Indian poet and philosopher said:

You Europeans can keep us down by force of arms, but you cannot kill the soul of India. We shall ultimately attain our goal through our spiritual power. You people of the Occident have brought misfortune upon Asia. You are trying to destroy the soul of China; Japan is already lost in spiritual desolation; where you go you bring with you brutality and bloodshed—in your footsteps are war and hatred.

#### AMENDMENTS TO THE LEAGUE

At the first meeting of the Assembly of the League of Nations, to be held in Geneva on November 15, the three Scandinavian governments will propose four amendments to its covenant, intended to make the League more responsive to popular sentiment and to protect or promote the interests of the minor powers. The first amendment provides for regular an-

nual meetings of the Assembly, and for special meetings of the Assembly whenever ten members of the League shall so demand. The second amendment proposes that the four non-permanent members of the League Council shall be so selected that a new state shall be represented upon that body each year. The term of service is to be four years, and the same state shall not be represented for two successive terms. The third proposal is to make the obligation to resort to arbitration, where a treaty is alleged to have been violated, more absolute and precise than it is in the present constitution of the League. The last of the amendments would permit a state whose territories are in the vicinity of another state against which an economic blockade has been enforced, to maintain a certain degree of intercourse with the covenant-breaking state, provided such action is considered by the Council to be necessary in order to prevent the blockaded state from threatening or attacking its neighbor.

#### END OF THE SESSION IN ITALY

COMMENTING upon the work of the Italian Parliament during its last session, the London *Observer* says:

Many subsidiary measures have been passed with lightning speed, and the foundations of Signor Giolitti's financial and social organization have been laid. The Chamber has discussed the grant of twenty millions to the coöperatives, and the government scheme for reducing the high prices of articles of ordinary consumption. The coöperatives are a most important feature of the social economy of this country. The new law against excessive prices gives the government power to requisition in certain cases, and punishes with heavy fines and imprisonment 'the producer, or merchant, whether wholesale or retail, who seeks to impede or limit free competition in the sale of articles of first necessity or raw materials.'

It would seem as if the Socialist Party had decided to extend a truce to the 'bourgeois' Ministry, for the party has voted for nearly all the items of the programme of the Giolitti Cabinet

and the recent sittings have been characterized by an attitude of greater tolerance on the part of the usually turbulent Socialist minority. No less than eight Socialists are embodied in the newly-formed Commission for Foreign Affairs against eighteen members of other groups. These same groups have been newly defined, and are as follows: Socialists, Reformist Socialists, Republicans, Radicals, Democratic Liberals, 'Rinnovamento,' Promiscuous, Liberals, and Popular Party. The largest group is the Socialist, with one hundred and fifty-five members; the smallest the Republicans.

### A PARTISAN LEADER IN RUSSIA

AMONG the partisan leaders which the disorders or revolution and civil war have produced in Eastern Europe is the Ukrainian peasant chieftan, Nestor Ivanovich Makhno. At the time of the first revolution in Russia, Makhno, who had become an anarchist as the result of nine years of imprisonment, following his arrest on account of his political views when he was a student eighteen years old, returned to his native village and organized a small anarchist party among his fellow villagers. When the Germans invaded the Ukraine, he took refuge with his followers in a neighboring forest, where his forces soon grew, and he conducted successful guerrilla warfare against the invaders. Since then he and his bands have opposed equally Denikin's volunteers, Petljura's Ukrainian forces, and the Bolsheviks. Among the latter he has made many converts. Assembling speedily under arms when needed for some military enterprise, his troops become again, to all appearances, peaceful villagers, as soon as the immediate need for their service passes. Makhno's 'invisible army' is said to number some forty thousand men, including many intellectuals. No one receives regular pay, but the booty taken in their campaigns is shared equally by all. The Bolsheviks are reported to have promised a reward of ten million

rubles for the capture of Makhno, dead or alive. According to the London *Times*:

A few weeks ago the Soviet sent a delegation to him with peace proposals. Of this meeting the Soviet newspaper *Bednota* gave the following report: 'Makhno has agreed to the proposals on one condition — namely, all the peasants are to be asked what form of government they prefer. Whichever they choose they must get.' After this the negotiations fell through.

General Wrangel recently issued an order in which he suggested that his troops should 'co-operate with any anti-Bolshevist bodies.' In his order he does not mention Makhno by name. In reply Makhno issued an order to his supporters and the peasants at large that they should 'assist all anti-Bolshevist forces.'

The new land laws drawn up by General Wrangel have been largely instrumental in producing this favorable reply. As long as this tacit agreement holds good, the Bolsheviks will never be able to force the approaches to the Crimea, and will be quite unable to apply their usual methods for creating disturbances in his rear.

And so this small, fair-haired Russian, aged about forty, of simple parentage, who passed no fewer than six years as a prisoner in Siberia (some say for political and others for criminal offenses), provides General Wrangel with the sympathy of the Russian peasant, which may lead him to victory.

### GERMANY AND MOSCOW

GERMAN newspapers recently reaching our desk are much occupied with the possible effect upon Germany of the Bolshevik victory which then seemed imminent in Poland. The conservative *Hamburger Nachrichten*, which still preserves the Bismarck tradition, says in this connection:

Doubtless there are not a few people in Germany, besides those of Bolshevik sympathies, who cherish the secret hope that the Bolsheviks may liberate us from the oppressive conditions imposed by the treaty of Versailles. We do not share these hopes. In the conflict between the Entente and Russia the German habit of looking at matters objectively, which we often have occasion to reprehend, possesses the great advantage of showing us the drawbacks to a brotherhood with the Bolsheviks. Our educated working people have too vivid a picture in their minds of the horrors of mob rule in Russia to favor such a course. They are also beginning to

see that nothing threatens a real Soviet system and a Bolshevik organization of society so much as the militarism of the Red armies, whose control is falling completely into the hands of the former generals of the Tsar. . . . Moreover, no one in Germany overestimates the importance of the Russian successes from a military standpoint. It shows no great strategic skill to crush an army like that of Poland with the vast hosts at the disposal of the Russian General Staff. . . . We are taking all this into consideration in Germany. We see clearly that we would merely be jumping out of the frying pan into the fire, were we to trade Entente control for Russian control.

On the other hand *Vorwärts*, representing the most conservative Socialist opinion in Germany, expresses the hope that a Russian victory might open a direct corridor for the resumption of commerce between that country and Germany.

#### RUSSIAN WORKINGMEN

VORWÄRTS recently contained an interview with two factory superintendents, born in Russia of German parentage, and for many years in charge of manufacturing establishments in that country. Until recently they have been employed under the Soviet government. Their testimony regarding the successive steps by which private factories were taken over by the Bolshevik authorities merely confirms previous accounts received from Russia. They also speak of the later change of policy, by which control of factories has been taken away from the workers and placed in the hands of bureaucratic administrators. They consider the present Russian government itself responsible for the breakdown or decline in production and the ruin of industry. In this connection they say: 'Russian workingmen are very intelligent considering their lack of education. They welcome innovations and improvements, and are excellent imitators. If production has practically ceased in Russia, the fault

does not lie with the working people themselves.'

#### BRITISH SOLDIER EMIGRANTS

AFTER January 1, 1921, Great Britain will grant free passage to the Dominions to ex-service men and women, and their dependents. Already more than 47,000 have applied for tickets. About three-fourths of these are married, and many have large families. It is estimated that the total movement of emigrants from the mother country to the Dominions already assured will be nearly 240,000 souls. Only persons physically qualified for working upon the land will be granted passage. However, this qualification has excluded very few of the present applicants. Of the 12,576 passage warrants issued up to the end of July, more than 5000 were for Canada, 3000 for Australia, 2000 for New Zealand, and about 1000 for South Africa and Rhodesia.

#### SERVANTS' PAY IN BERLIN

AFTER long negotiations, the Berlin authorities have fixed the following legal wages for household servants in that city: maids of all work who do no cooking, 45 to 65 marks for those under eighteen years of age, 80 to 90 marks for those eighteen years of age and over; maids of all work who cook, 90 to 100 marks; cooks, 110 to 130 marks; house maids where more than one servant is kept, 80 to 110 marks; nurse girls, 80 to 100 marks; governesses, 120 to 150 marks; housekeepers, 110 to 150 marks. These are monthly salaries in addition to board and lodging.

#### BIRTHS AND DEATHS IN EUROPE

THE last quarterly return of marriages, births, and deaths in England and Wales, indicates a rapid increase in the birth rate over that of the war



period. Indeed the excess of births over deaths is approximately three times the average for 1917, 1918, and 1919. Comparative figures from the Continent indicate that the ratio of births and deaths is also approaching normal in the cities of Germany; but that in Vienna and Prague the birth rate is still lower and the death rate higher than before the war.

### PROHIBITION IN SCOTLAND

SCOTLAND is preparing to vote upon a threefold proposal; to leave the present regulation of the liquor traffic unchanged, to reduce by one-fourth the number of licenses, or to prohibit completely the sale of liquor except in hotels and restaurants, where the main business consists of supplying meals. The last proposal, which is referred to in the British press as 'complete prohibition' and 'going dry,' has suddenly given the temperance issue a political importance which it has not hitherto enjoyed. A special correspondent of the London *Daily Chronicle*, telegraphing its paper from Glasgow, describes the campaign in that city as follows:

House-to-house canvassing of well nigh the whole Scottish population has begun in the great battle between the 'wets' and the 'drys.' To-day the local newspapers are embellished with advertisement propaganda of both sides. Tons of pamphlets for and against alcohol are being sent broadcast.

The majority of the 'moderates' are unquestionably apathetic; they ascribe the drink restrictions which exist to Glasgow's teetotal magistracy, the activity of the churches, and last, but not least, to the 'independent' attitude of the trade itself.

Although the hours are restricted, the number of persons in the bars of Glasgow during the lunch hour is much less than formerly. 'You see about twenty here now,' remarked a local tradesman in a saloon to me. 'Two years ago at this hour of the day the bar was crowded with customers eight feet deep; often it was impossible to get in the place. This is not an isolated instance, but represents what has taken place all over the city.'

### COMMENT ON THE CONTENTS

OUR readers hardly need an introduction to André Tardieu, who was Clemenceau's right-hand man at the Peace Conference and has been the most ardent defender of his policies since his retirement.

Vladimir Burtzeff is a well-known Russian publicist and journalist, who was a prominent revolutionist and exile before the war. He acquired international reputation by unmasking the Russian spy Azeff, who, though in Imperial service, long held a high place in the secret counsels of the conspirators against the Tsar. Burtzeff now resides in Paris, where he publishes in French and Russian a weekly called *La Cause Commune* or *Obstche Dielo*. In addition he is a regular staff writer for Gustave Hervé's radical daily, *Victoire*. It is interesting to contrast the spirit of his article with the claim made by Karl Radek, in an article which we published in our issue of September 18, that Burtzeff is a 'traitor' to Russia.

### MINOR NOTES

ACCORDING to a correspondent in the London *Economist*, there are in the warehouses of Australia and New Zealand, 2,905,554 bales of wool. In addition to these colony wools it is known there are considerable old stocks in South America and South Africa, while new clips in the United States and Great Britain as well as Australia will shortly come into the market. The correspondent concludes: 'There can be no shortage, but more than sufficient to meet all prospective requirements even if Central and Eastern Europe had to come into the market in full strength.'

BEFORE the war the big shoe factories of Austria-Hungary which exported their products as Austrian were mostly situated in what is now Czecho-

Slovakia. The present Boot and Shoe Manufacturers' Association of that country embraces some two hundred firms, most of whom export, since they manufacture more than the home market requires. The industry grew during the war on account of the heavy army demand. The average output of the factories belonging to the Associa-

tion aggregates two million six hundred thousand pair a month when working to full capacity. Some of these factories employ American machinery.

ACCORDING to the London papers of mid-August, four cases of bubonic plague and one death from that disease have occurred in Paris.

[Illustration (Paris Illustrated Nationalist Weekly), August 14]

## THE ALLIES AND BOLSHEVISM

BY ANDRÉ TARDIEU

EVENTS in Poland have hastened us at full speed from a leisurely revision of the treaty of Versailles to its precipitate revision; from a revision dictated by feebleness to a revision dictated by force. Yesterday's peril was less alarming than that of to-day; but it was no less formidable. Both have the same origin in point of time and point of source. To understand the present we must study the past.

From the moment that victory was assured in the East and in the West, the French government sought to guarantee and fortify its results. Nothing of the sort was possible if Eastern Europe continued under the control of the anarchist horde of Soviet Russia, who were ready to be converted by the Germans at any moment into an instrument of revenge.

On October 27, 1918, M. Clemenceau, in accordance with an understanding among the allies, commissioned General d'Esperey to draft a programme, designed 'not only to oppose the projects of the Central Powers in Russia proper, but also to put into

effect a complete economic blockade of the Bolshevik territory and to bring about the fall of that government.' On November 5, the instructions which were issued to the commander-in-chief of our Eastern Army, following the Armistice concluded two days before with Austria-Hungary, directed him 'to concentrate all his forces against Germany,' and again brought up the question 'of an eventual campaign in Southern Russia, supported by the British troops from Palestine.' The operations conducted by General Berthelot on the Danube and the occupation of Odessa were the consequences of these orders.

But this plan, as M. Clemenceau had perceived from the outset, presupposed quick, united action; and it immediately appeared that differences of views among the allies would prevent prompt and harmonious decisions. At the first session of the Supreme Council, on January 12, 1919, a disagreement occurred. M. Clemenceau, who was then presiding officer, wished to take up at once the Russian ques-

tion. M. Pichon, speaking for the French government, urged that the council begin by making an agreement with the representatives of the anti-Bolshevist governments at Paris. At once Lloyd George protested, and the words he used at that time betrayed the illusion which still possesses him:

The Bolshevist government is at present the *de facto* government of Russia. We formerly recognized the Tsar's government, notwithstanding the possible disapproval we felt of its methods. We have recognized the Omsk government, although its authority is most precarious. We may say that we have adopted the principle of recognizing every *de facto* government. Now we are asked to assume an absolutely contrary attitude toward the Bolshevist government, although it represents two thirds of Russia.

We propose to commit the same blunder which England committed in 1789. At that time my country considered that the only government representing France was that of the emigrant nobles. That blunder involved England in a war which lasted twenty-five years. During the Revolution the French peasants were doubtless opposed to the government of the Terrorists, but it was that government which gave them title to the land, and they supported it.

What was the conclusion? To call to Paris representatives of all the Russian factions, including the Bolsheviks, in an effort to reach an agreement—not in the Conference itself, but on the side—in order to reestablish general peace. President Wilson advocated this. M. Clemenceau refused his consent. As a compromise, Prinkipo was suggested by one of our allies as a place of meeting. Baron Sonnino emphasized the danger of placing the Bolsheviks, who had been traitors to the alliance, on the same footing as the Russians who had been faithful to the alliance. M. Clemenceau, in supporting Sonnino's position summarized the problem thus presented in all its aspects.

As a matter of principle I am opposed to any dealings with the Bolsheviks, not only because they are criminals, but also, and more strongly,

because in negotiating with them we run the risk of adding to their strength.

The peril is very great. This Soviet movement has won over the Baltic provinces, Poland and Hungary. The news from Vienna and Budapest is very bad. This represents a danger for France and for Italy which must be seriously pondered.

We should fight the Bolsheviks. They are shrewd and show great skill in laying traps. Until recently they have constantly appealed to their principles in defending their revolution. To-day Litvinoff says in an interview: 'Recognize us and we will pay our debts and restore your private investments in our country.'

If we are unhappy enough to fall into their trap, you will soon see the Bolsheviks employing our own weakness against us. I do not refer to their bad faith, which is proved. But if we accept their offer, they will be prepared to say: 'When we appealed on our principles, the Allies repudiated us. When we talked of money they recognized us.'

What shall we do? We are in a tight place. We cannot await the outcome of evolution, which sooner or later will change conditions in Russia. If it were left to me to decide I would immediately establish a barrage around the Bolshevik territories to prevent the spread of this contagion. But I am alone in this opinion and face to face with the supreme representatives of my Allies I am obliged to yield to their opinion.

Thereupon any idea of recognizing the Soviet government was dropped. All the members said that they had never intended to do so. Consequently all that was done was to issue the invitation to Prinkipo. The anti-Bolshevist Russians thought they ought not to attend. The Bolsheviks themselves refused the cessation of hostilities which the Great Power insisted upon as a condition precedent to the meeting.

During the following sessions M. Clemenceau tried to persuade the allies—not to inaugurate a political offensive against the Bolsheviks; he never urged that—but to erect at once a barrier around them. This is the plan which has been so much ridiculed since then, but which the conference of Hythe on August 8, 1920, twenty months later, was forced to reconsider. On February 15, Cle-

menceau presented a memorandum by General Alby, chief of our general staff, thus summarizing the respective forces of the two parties.

	Men
1. Districts of Archangel and Murmansk	
Allies .....	28,000
Bolsheviki .....	24,000
2. Districts of the Baltic, Lithuania, and Poland	
Anti-Bolsheviki .....	32,000
Bolsheviki .....	75,000
3. Districts of Ukraine, Don, Northern Caucasus, and the Caspian Sea	
Bolsheviki .....	180,000
Allies .....	130,000
Allies available in the Balkans ..	100,000
Roumanian troops available ...	100,000
4. Eastern Front (Ural and Western Siberia)	
Allies .....	120,000
Bolsheviki .....	130,000

#### General Alby concluded:

An allied force, inferior in number to the Red army but better commanded and equipped, would easily defeat the latter. Such a victory could be won at very little cost by employing modern technical devices, such as tanks and bombing planes, which the Bolsheviki do not possess.

It was clear, however, that from February on a military policy, even thus limited and purely defensive, would be opposed by our allies. Who would undertake the task alone? France could not dream of such an enterprise. In the first place, after six years of fighting, the country demanded demobilization with a vigor which we have forgotten to-day. *In the second place, and still more imperatively, we could not act alone because independent action on our part would have destroyed the harmony of the allies and compromised other essential objects—such as the occupation of the left bank of the Rhine, the disarmament of Germany and adequate reparations—which Clemenceau still had to obtain from the Conference.* From that moment there was only one course to

pursue, imperfect and ineffective as it promised to be, to give all the material aid possible to such anti-Bolsheviki groups as those which had rallied around Kolchak, Denikin, Yudenitch, and to the new or enlarged border states, like Roumania, Poland, and Finland. At the same time we must keep our allies from slipping into the dangerous trap presented by Conference with the Soviet government. Last of all we must insure unity of action among the allies; for this was imperative in the interest of France at a time when the treaty of peace was not yet signed.

I have said and repeat again that it was an imperfect policy—in the first place, because it employed discordant instruments: On one side Russian factions who appealed to their constant loyalty to the alliance as an argument entitling them to the restoration of Russia within its original boundaries; on the other side, border nations whose very existence was at the expense of former Russia. It was an imperfect policy, moreover, because it employed agencies over which we possessed no direct control; in some cases, young republics, whose greed for territories exceeded their physical resources and political wisdom; who in seeking to satisfy that greed overlooked the need of moderation and union; in other cases improvised governments, controlled by military chieftains, surrounded by shady coadjutors, subject to obscure and questionable influences, impervious to the spirit of reform, and enslaved by the detestable traditions of the Tsar's bureaucracy.

Admittedly a most imperfect policy! And yet I shall show that it served a useful purpose, which the policy of 1920 has not done. It was a tentative policy, but an active and vigilant one, which from February to December, 1919, did maintain successfully a cor-



don around Soviet Russia—a cordon which the Soviets have subsequently broken through. It built up between the Bolsheviks and Germany a dike now overthrown. It did preserve among the allies a community of view and practice which has ceased to exist of late, to the advantage of Moscow and the hope of Berlin.

The whole history of the conference has been characterized by the development of two contrary tendencies. The first prevented positive action, which would have given the fatal stroke to Bolshevism. The second prevented for the time being measures which, as we now see when it is too late, would have strengthened and fortified Bolshevism.

Our Anglo-Saxon allies, in perfect good faith, but with persistent blindness to the facts, have obeyed for the last twelve months two maxims, contradictory in essence, but harmonious in effect. The first is: 'You cannot do anything against Bolshevism,' and the second is: 'Bolshevism is not dangerous.' Listen to what Wilson said last January: 'We should let the Bolsheviks stew in their own juice.' Some time later he said: 'All projects for reestablishing an Eastern front suggest the efforts of a man trying to sweep back the rising tide with a broom.' Consequently, the men of this school have trusted to time, to moral forces, to evolution. They have opposed even defensive intervention. This policy of inaction was justified by the English by other arguments; except Mr. Winston Churchill, who has constantly warned his country of the peril. But practically every one there said that the danger was exaggerated. Last May, Lloyd George predicted 'the complete collapse of Bolshevism.' About the same time General Botha declared: 'The Bolshevik terror is only a bugaboo.' General Gough, returning from the

Baltic countries, said during his visit in September, in support of the British Premier: 'There is a German peril. The Bolshevik peril is comparatively unimportant.' In one way or another all these gentlemen came to the same conclusion, to do nothing, to wait and see. They hesitated to assume the slightest responsibility; they balked at imposing a Baltic blockade, or recognizing Kolchak.

Another motive favored a policy of non-interference; antipathy for and lack of confidence in the men, whether Russians or others, who headed the struggle against the Soviets. Great Britain and its representatives never had confidence in Kolchak, nor in Denikin, although they supported them generously. More than that, they have never shown real sympathy with Poland. In February, 1919, they were opposed to taking over the railway from Dantzig, which was indispensable for communication with that country. When it was finally decided to send General Haller's division to Mr. Paderewski's assistance,—a measure which France had urged since the end of January—the English hesitated a long time before giving their consent. During the discussions of March and April upon the question of frontiers, their fears were aroused by Poland's claims for Dantzig and Silesia. The conflict between Poland and Ukraine, in which Lemberg was the prize, elicited brutal manifestations of their disapproval of Poland's course. For weeks the debates did not get beyond the question of penalties, reprisals, and the interruption of supplies. Even the status of Eastern Galicia, concerning which the whole world was agreed, was left in the air for three months on account of British opposition. Polish imperialism became an axiom with certain members of the British delegation.



Poland was reproached for having won its independence 'with the blood of other nations.' These gentlemen did not stop with checking the excessive ambitions of certain Polish imperialists, which would have been right and proper. Their disposition was always to impose upon Poland the more disadvantageous alternative. A striking example of this was the decision made in June regarding Upper Silesia.

If these opposing currents did not produce the consequences in 1919 which they have produced during the past six months, it is because the untiring efforts of Clemenceau's cabinet were devoted to rendering them harmless, and nearly always with success. From the first of January the head of the French cabinet had made clear his programme—always subject to the reservation that the unity of the allies, indispensable for France and for Europe, should be maintained. He remained faithful to the essential points of that program, and his patience and tact made it prevail.

M. Clemenceau and Marshal Foch were responsible for Poland's being assured the material assistance it needed immediately after the Armistice. Clemenceau is the one who after six weeks of difficult negotiations provided for the transfer to Poland, in May, 1919, of General Haller's division. He is the one who, four months later, defying scepticism and objections from every side, brought about through Niessel's mission the retirement and disbanding of the German Baltic troops. He insisted on all occasions that the great patriot, Paderewski, should get a hearing, and supported his claims to Dantzig, to Upper Silesia, and to Eastern Galicia. Last of all, he is the one who, in spite of the judicial scruples of America, managed to keep the Baltic blockade in force, a blockade which it is now proposed to

resume. He drafted those articles in the Versailles treaty which provided for annulling the treaty of Brest-Litovsk and its consequences. He procured from Great Britain the engagement of that country to aid Poland if that country were attacked. It was on his initiative that on December second the provisional Eastern frontier of the young republic was settled. That frontier was so just and indisputable that Chicherin himself in his wireless of August 7, 1920, felt compelled to accept it.

France knows little of this long fruitful struggle, a struggle inspired by clear foresight and a sense of justice. It was a policy that never failed in necessary firmness toward our Polish friends in their hours of rashness. We may cite the conference of September 15, when Clemenceau, in agreement with Marshal Foch, vetoed peremptorily Paderewski's proposal to organize an expedition against Moscow. The considerations which inspired his policy, he summarized on January 13, 1920, as follows: 'We have a threefold interest in strengthening Poland—first, the thousand ties of sympathy uniting us with that country; second, it is our strongest bulwark against Bolshevism; last, it may be of priceless assistance to us in case of hostilities with Germany.'

When Clemenceau left office, Poland had fixed frontiers on the East and on the West. Eastern Galicia was annexed to it. An army of half a million men was assembled under its banner. The possession of Upper Silesia was assured by the provision for a popular vote. The Baltic provinces had been cleared of Germans. Supplies were reaching the country regularly. Prussia found in this situation, so fully in harmony with what it faced in the West in the loss of Strassburg, Metz, and Saarbruck, a material proof of its

defeat. Six months have since elapsed, and now every one of the situations indicated has been modified or reversed.

The change may be summarized in one sentence. During the past six months, the tendencies which Clemenceau successfully kept in check have carried the day. Great Britain alone has decided the Russian policy of the Entente; we now see the results.

The negotiations with Krassin and Kameneff, adding to the injury previously done by the conferences of Copenhagen between O'Grady and Litvinoff, have given the Bolsheviki the prestige which they lacked. No authoritative voice spoke to stop the Poles in their perilous adventure against Kieff. The blockade of the

Baltic has been raised. France, dropping its former active rôle out of consideration for its allies, has passed on its responsibility to Great Britain. All that Clemenceau succeeded in avoiding last year has now occurred. As in other matters, Lloyd George has succeeded in doing in 1920 what he failed to do in 1919. In spite of the diffidence which one should feel in judging matters of such vastness and complexity, I am convinced that the free hand given to the British premier, whose good intentions are unquestionable and whose eminent services we cannot forget, has produced most unhappy consequences, not only for France, but also for England and for the rest of Europe.

[*Vossische Zeitung* (Berlin Pro-French Liberal Daily), August 1]

## GERMANY AND BOLSHEVISM

BY VLADIMIR BURTZEFF

It is a long time since I have been in Berlin — more than ten years, and under very different conditions from those to-day. I was then an exile who had fought most of his life against the Tsar's government and particularly against his secret police. That campaign had brought me into general notice. The book in which I unmasked the spy Azeff, had just then been translated into German and several other languages. The Russian secret police maintained the closest relations with the German police; and consequently it goes without saying that I was not a welcome visitor in Berlin. It was by the merest chance that I escaped

arrest and imprisonment on that occasion.

Now I am visiting Berlin as a Russian journalist. During the last few years I have had occasion to write much about Germany. I expect to write still more in the immediate future. After years of violent controversy over questions intimately related to the war between the Allies and Germany, I appreciate an opportunity to discuss the question, whether we Russians can ever arrange a *modus vivendi* with the political leaders of Germany, or whether the hostility between us shall continue with the same bitterness as ever. I

wish to discuss our relations with Germany in Berlin with the same frankness as if I were in another country; and in the same spirit with which I shall discuss them later in a foreign metropolis. I wish to make myself perfectly intelligible to every unprejudiced man in Germany. Last of all, I wish to convince you that I can not honestly write otherwise than I do.

From August, 1914, up to the present, I have been a bitter enemy of Germany's old policy of conquest. I have fought against that policy daily in the press. But in addition to the general question of who brought about the war with Russia, I have another account to settle with you Germans. This is the point I want to make prominent in the present article. I have already written vigorously upon the subject before, in places where my work has reached beyond an exclusively Russian reading public. But now I want permission to state my views in one of your own newspapers. I wish to persuade you that I am discussing acts which seem to me responsible for the greatest misfortune which has befallen Russia, and the greatest blunder which you Germans have committed. We Russians can never forget the support which you gave to the Russian Bolsheviks, and the way you employed them against our country.

The German people are neighbors of the French and the Russian people. We should no longer talk about continuing war between our countries, but about getting back as speedily as possible to a basis of peace, friendship, and neighborly relations. We can do that only if we have a frank understanding as to what caused the present calamity—the accursed war which still torments us. Only by thus clearing the air can we make it impossible for similar tragedies to occur again.

During the war, and during the earlier years when you were preparing for the war, you Germans were moved by patriotic motives. For you it was really a case of *Deutschland uber alles*. You wanted to win the war at any cost in order to defend your Fatherland, and also in order to attain a dominant position in the world. You therefore fought us with every available weapon, and did not shrink—to the fearful misfortune not only of us Russians but of all mankind—from poisoning Russian national life with the Bolshevism of Lenin and Trotzky.

You German patriots never had anything in common with the Bolsheviks. From German Nationalists down to Progressives and Social Democrats, you all despised them, even when they were working for you; and you always regarded the Russian Bolsheviks, quite properly, as our greatest national evil, and as traitors to our country. None the less you hoped to crush the power of Russia with their help. You thought that the propaganda of Russian Bolshevism could never touch your own people, the Germans; that you would poison the life of Russia alone. You imagined that you would destroy Russia alone, by spreading the Bolshevik virus through its army. You did not foresee then that you would also demoralize your own army and every other army by erecting in Russia a Bolshevik government. You did not realize that you were simultaneously creating a Bolshevik power in your own country. At least you thought that the Bolshevik poison would not harm you in Germany as much as it would benefit you in Russia. You imagined that Bolshevism would be poison for us, but honey for yourselves.

When the war broke out, many Russian Bolshevik leaders were arrested in Germany and Austria. At a

time when other Russians were given personal reason to appreciate what the arrest of citizens of a hostile country means in time of war, the Russian Bolsheviks were liberated, although they were of the age of military service, and vigorous, strong men. But they were people you could rely on to spread the doctrine of Bolshevism in Russia and to promote the demoralization of that country. Some of them promptly went to Switzerland, where they laid at Zimmerwald and Kienthal the foundation of the future Bolshevik International. Others went directly to Russia.

Lenin, Sinovyeff, Bucharin, and others speedily got busy in Switzerland. German agents sought them out at the orders of Berlin, and aided them in every way to found their Bolshevik society and to print and distribute Bolshevik literature. (The American government did the same thing in Germany.—*Editor*.) You can detect the hand of German agents in every enterprise started by the Russian Bolsheviks during the war and after the war.

I printed in the columns of *Obsteche Dielo*, between 1917 and 1920, definite proofs of this activity, giving names and dates. In an article entitled 'Azeff and Lenin', I proved by documents and by the testimony of witnesses, that Lenin, as early as 1916-1917, when he was a Russian exile, established relations with German military agents and received money from them for his Bolshevik propaganda.

In order to spread Bolshevik agitation throughout Russia, the German authorities spent vast sums of money in arranging for the passage of a large party of Russian Bolsheviks, in sealed cars, through Germany to Russia. Among the men thus transferred to the latter country were Lenin, Sinov-

yeff, Lunacharski, and others, all of whom now occupy high positions in the Soviet government.

During Kerensky's time, Bolshevik propaganda in Russia was supported in a large degree by German officials and German money.

In the autumn of 1917, the Bolsheviks started an insurrection with your aid. This was the beginning of a universal catastrophe, which has had its effect not only in Russia, but likewise in England, France, America, Italy, Poland, the smaller Slavic countries, and perhaps most of all in Germany and Austria.

This Bolshevik uprising was nursed through its infancy by Germans. The Bolsheviks organized their army with German aid, until they were able to dispense with foreign help. Had it not been for the assistance of Germany, the Bolsheviks would never have got possession of my country. They would never have been able to seize the government; they would never have become a universal plague.

You Germans precipitated still another fearful catastrophe upon Russia, in order to win the World War and crush the Entente. You began to parcel up Russia; to divide it into a group of little states. You tried to do that not only in the case of Russia, but likewise in case of all the Allies; but in Russia you fully succeeded.

Russia was speedily ruined by Bolshevism and lost—naturally only temporarily—its importance as a world power. You have carried out your purpose of dismembering Russia. But what is the price you have paid for this victory? Neither Bolshevik propaganda, nor efforts to partition Russia, nor the support of the Soviet government could rescue Germany in this war. The only result was to ruin Germany and to surrender the whole world to anarchist agitation.



It is imperative that the aid which Germany gave to Bolshevism during the war should be made known; that the documentary evidence of that aid should be published, and that these acts be pilloried and repudiated in a way to prevent their ever finding a defender again in Germany. That is the first and indispensable condition for a resumption of friendship between our two countries.

What I have said regarding Bolshevism here I stated long ago in the columns of *Obsteche Dielo*, at a time when Kerensky was at the head of the government at Petrograd and Bolshevism was still in its infancy. I was arrested by the Bolsheviki; one of the first men whom they imprisoned after they got control. None the less I succeeded in secretly printing an issue of *Nashe Obsteche Dielo*, and distributing it on the streets of Petrograd. Under my own signature I appealed to all parties to rally against the Bolsheviki. I believed then as I believe now, that no compromise with them was possible. It is either they or we.

When I succeeded five months later by the merest accident in escaping from Bolshevist imprisonment, I immediately published the pamphlet entitled: 'Accursed Be Ye, Ye Bolsheviki!' I had this pamphlet published in many languages including German—not in Berlin, but in Bern. Since then I have continued to fight Bolshevism from Paris in the columns of *Obsteche Dielo* (*The Common Cause*).

You Germans, of whatever party you may be, must understand why we Russian patriots regard Lenin and Trotzky as traitors to their fatherland. At a time when they were at the height of their treasonable activities, Germany received as ambassador from Russia an accomplice in that country's betrayal, the Bolshevist Joffe. He

took up his residence in *Unter den Linden*, and with the permission of Wilhelm II, he raised the red flag, that symbol of treason to his own country, over my country's Embassy! That was a brilliant Bolshevist demonstration! I know of no other incident equally spectacular. If any one in Germany were to ask me to-day, why the whole world is threatened with Bolshevist anarchy, why it is waxing so strong in Russia, Germany, and Austria, I would say: 'Remember the red flag over the palace of Joffe in Berlin, flying there with your consent. That will tell you why the whole world is threatened with Bolshevist anarchy and who is responsible for the spread of Bolshevism throughout the world.' In my mind, the Bolsheviki are a universal evil. They represent everywhere the same poison. In some lands they are more pernicious for the time being than in others; but everywhere they constitute a virus of degeneration and dissolution. To aid them, no matter with what object, is madness. No, it is more than madness. But what the German government did to assist in crushing us and strengthening Russian Bolshevism was not mere madness, not mere political blindness. It was something worse, something impossible to name. There can be no such thing as negotiation and compromise with the Bolsheviki. *Crush the monster!* must be the battle cry of every party in every country, when fighting them. In calling upon you to confess the crime you have committed, I am not moved solely by the interest of Russia, but also by the interest of Germany, Europe, and the whole world.

The salvation of the world to-day rests in strengthening the democratic order. Bolshevism is the deadliest enemy to democracy. Only in democracy is there any hope for Russia, for the Allies, or for Germany.



[*Vossische Zeitung* (Berlin Pro-French Liberal Daily), July 30]

## A TALK WITH A BOLSHEVIST SOLDIER

I HAVE just had a talk with a Bolshevik soldier, captured by the Poles when he was participating in a bold scouting enterprise. He is a young man twenty years old, coming from one of the interior departments of Russia. He is illiterate and a convinced Bolshevik. He has acquired his Bolshevik convictions, therefore, by listening to propaganda speeches and not by reading. Before enlisting in the army, he was a farm laborer in the summer time; but as his father had little land he worked winters in a factory. The young lad showed evidence of decided intelligence. His conversation was spiced with mother wit; and he was communicative and good-natured. He was too young to have served in the Tsar's army, but he enlisted in the Red army in 1918 when the situation was at its worst. He received little military training. As he expressed it, a rifle was thrust into his hand and he was expected to find out how to shoot it. Later he fought against Denikin.

According to his statement, the relations between officers and men are very cordial. There are plenty of officers. He said that the Bolsheviks had a large supply at present, because the officers of the old Tsar's army were constantly reporting for service, and a great many German war prisoners were also enlisting. His company had numbered 200 Russians and 58 Germans. Its captain was a German, who was very popular—indeed, who was a personal friend and comrade of every Russian, German, or man of any other nation, in his company. When this lad was captured he had on his person 1000 rubles, and his

pay was 20 rubles a day.' In answer to an inquiry whether the other soldiers had as much money as he, his reply was that those who did not drink vodka, or play cards, always had enough money.

Discipline, he said, was very good in the Bolshevik army; still they did not obey orders because they were orders but 'as a matter of conscience.' The military forms of address had been abolished and even the officers were spoken to as comrades. Naturally the soldiers stand at attention before their officers; but that was because every soldier in the army follows the bidding of his conscience and 'it would be foolish' not to stand at attention before one's commander. He had never seen a General or any of the higher officers, but he knew the Commander-in-Chief was called Trotzky and that there was also another head man. He pondered a moment trying to recall who the second one was, and then suddenly remembered, 'Lenin.' He knew nothing more about him, and did not know the names of any other commander. He kept saying 'Every one on our side is a Bolshevik,' and seemed to be impressed with the great power and authority of the Bolsheviks. When asked who Trotzky was, he replied, 'A very popular Jew.' 'The Jews are much liked in the army. They never allow themselves to be captured. They hate the Poles so, and the Poles hate them so—and invariably murder them—that they prefer suicide to being made prisoners.'

Food conditions were formerly very bad, but since Denikin's defeat had become much better. The only thing they were short of now was sugar. They bought that from the coöperatives. In reply to the question why sugar was scarce, he said that the men originally employed in the sugar mills were working in munition factories

and textile mills. As soon as there were enough munitions and cloth, the government would start making more sugar. In all other respects the food situation was splendid. As he expressed it, all his comrades had 'eaten themselves fat.' His ration was one and a half pounds of bread a day, a pound of meat four times a week, a half pound of bacon four times a week, and two pounds of sugar a month. In addition, he received grits, rice, and other things. (These reports agree fully with other information regarding food conditions in the Bolshevik army.) Prior to last November, the Red soldiers received only three-quarters of a pound of bread daily. The ration was doubled when Denikin was defeated. There was no card system. When we asked him regarding this, he laughed and was sure there were no food cards. He said things were 'just as they always are,' meaning that there was no system and order.

Health conditions in his company were very good. He had not been ill for two years and army service agreed with him excellently. He did not know what medicine was. There were, as he had heard, only a few doctors; but these were much more considerate and attentive than they used to be. 'In the old days, if a man had the toothache they took off his head; now the doctors treat the soldiers very well.'

Transportation conditions were, in his opinion, good. He had never had to go on foot. His regiment always traveled by rail. He had received several furloughs, and had experienced no difficulty in getting about by railway on those occasions. Members of families who came to visit the soldiers at their posts paid only one-third the regular fare.

When asked about conditions in the country, he said that the poor peasants

had got land, but admitted that the distribution was not yet finished. There were still rich peasants, but no more great landed proprietors. All the land could not be divided up yet, because there were many soldiers, many war prisoners, and no peace. As soon as peace was concluded, all the people in Russia would be counted by the government, and the land would be measured and equally divided up among them. It was noticeable that this young soldier had firm faith in this coming division of the land, and was very enthusiastic about it. Evidently the Bolsheviks make this promise an instrument of propaganda, and they can keep the peasants fighting a long time with that prospect in view, if they treat them well during the interval.

The attitude of this soldier to the Church was interesting. The Red flag he had followed came from Petrograd. On one side something was written and there was a picture of the double eagle. On the other side was a picture of the Madonna. As a matter of course he went to church. 'You cannot get along without priests.' Not only he, but his whole company, attended church. 'It is compulsory to go to church.'

He had no respect for the Polish army, but he made a clear distinction between the Russian Poles and the Posen Poles. The latter were better clad and a more civilized people. He said the Russian Poles were dirty and miserable and poor fighters. In reply to an inquiry why he was fighting the Poles, he said they were trying to restore autocracy in Russia.

When I asked him whether there would be a war between the Russians and the Germans, he added promptly that the Germans could not fight the Russians because they would be fighting their own brothers. There were

too many Germans in the Russian army to have war between the two countries possible. When asked what the Bolshevik soldiers would do when they reached the German frontier, he stated word for word as I give it: 'Then we would stop, and if the Germans did not shoot us, we would not shoot them.'

This young peasant soldier knew nothing at all about a world revolution. He had not the faintest idea of party politics and creeds. Apparently he had never heard the words Social Revolutionists and Mensheviki. In reply to all such questions he answered proudly and confidently, 'There are only Bolsheviks in Russia.'

## AN EYE FOR AN EYE

BY IVAN LOGINOFF

[The following example of Bolshevik literary art, and — what is more significant — moral appeal, appeared in *Krasnaya Gazeta*, the official organ of the Petrograd Soviet of Workmen's and Red Army Deputies, September 23, 1919.]

For the blood of those killed in Moscow,  
For the holy blood of communists  
We will destroy the hangmen —  
The capitalist!

We will not spare the enemies of labor,  
Make a list of every one of them!  
We shall exterminate the most dangerous,  
They have lived long enough in comfort!

All the handmaids of capitalism  
We shall take as hostages —  
We shall not forgive them.  
We shall crush them like dogs;  
We shall cast them in the gutter.

Socialist, Revolutionary or Menshevist, if caught,  
A bullet in the forehead and let it go at that!  
Labor, now the master,  
Does not need that ballast!

Let our cry reach to all cities,  
And to the far-most villages:  
Poor! Be on the lookout!  
To give final battle to your enemies!

For the blood of those killed in Moscow,  
For the Holy blood of communists  
We will destroy the hangmen —  
The capitalists!

[*El Socialista* (Madrid Official Socialist Daily), August 6]

## THE MOUNTAINEERS OF ASTURIA

BY SANTIAGO ALVAREZ

ASTURIAN agriculture is of three kinds: small farm cultivation, large estate cultivation, and grazing ranges. Small proprietors, although they till their own soil, live as poorly as the laborers on the large estates. They employ the most primitive methods of cultivation, and still use the wooden plough of the ancient Romans. They seldom fertilize their fields. Rural highways are in a deplorably neglected condition. Farmers rarely get a good crop, because the impervious sub-soil and the steep slopes make frequent rains necessary throughout the growing season, and these are generally insufficient.

Taxes are so high that owners not infrequently are forced to mortgage their holdings to pay them; and in such cases money lenders eventually get the title to the farm. The writer knows such lenders who have in this way become the owners of estates producing a revenue of sixty thousand *pesetas* annually.

Written tenant contracts hardly exist in Asturia, and the customary oral contracts leave the tenants at the mercy of the owners. For instance, farmers had planted gradually a large amount of timber on their holdings, all of which was cut off during the recent war and sold by the proprietors, without a cent of the proceeds reaching the pockets of the cultivators. Now the country people refuse to replant their wood lots, and Asturia is threatened with almost complete deforestation. Another result of this system of tenancy is that, since the contracts are so ambiguous and run but for a

single year, the people who cultivate the land refuse to make improvements.

The tenant farmers live in houses usually owned by the proprietors of the estates. These houses generally consist of two divisions, precisely similar except that one contains the livestock and the other the laborer and his family. The outer walls are of rude masonry, unplastered on the inside. The occupants cook on the ground, and since there is no exit for the smoke the interior of the house is black with soot. The latter accumulates in flakes on the ceiling, from which black cobwebs hang like rags.

Most of the stock kept by these people is grazed on shares. Since the laborer has no money, he goes to a usurer who accompanies him to a cattle market. The laborer selects his cattle and agrees upon a price. Suppose that he buys two milch cows and their calves. When the latter are old enough to sell, the proceeds are shared equally between the usurer and the peasant, providing always that the value of the cows has not decreased. But if the latter happens, then the usurer takes all the proceeds from the sale of the calves, and still retains his former share in the value of the cows. Some proprietors will not permit their tenants to keep livestock. The system is certainly a great evil. Not long ago, a man who had farmed out cattle with the peasants on this system died in a village of Asturia, leaving his heirs seven thousand cows acquired in the way I mention.

In the higher mountain hamlets little land is cultivated. The people support themselves mainly by pasturing cattle. Hardly an echo of modern life reaches these remote districts. The villages, enclosed in the narrow valleys, form an almost solid mass of masonry, pierced by streets so narrow that the country carts barely find

room for passage. When it rains, these streets become temporary torrents into which is washed all the refuse from the houses and stables. The houses are unceiled, and have no permanent partitions, the portion reserved for a stable being cut off from the living room by a barrier of poles and wythes. The smell of the stable, therefore, pervades the whole establishment. The kitchen contains a few fire-resisting stones arranged on the earth floor, forming a *llar* (Latin *lars*). A single fire serves for both cooking and heating, in a region which is buried under many feet of snow during the winter months.

A chain hanging from the roof serves to support the iron pot which is the sole cooking utensil. In this one usually finds a mess of potatoes and green stuff, seasoned with mutton tallow. Its taste is nauseating. Only people accustomed from childhood to eating such food can tolerate it. The villagers also eat coarse corn bread and drink skimmed milk. This menu does not vary throughout the year.

There has been of late a little improvement in the matter of clothing; and yet it is still customary to wear the same garments without changing or washing until they fall to pieces.

None of these mountain villages has a school, a drug store, or a physician. In case of illness the people resort to local magic, such as is still found in Central Africa.

Most of the country highways are stony trails, impassable for wheeled vehicles. In place of the latter a kind of rude sledge is sometimes used. Only the naturally robust attain maturity in such a region. Weaklings die early. When epidemics sweep through the land, the strong go with the others. People afflicted with goiter abound.

In Eastern Asturia the people talk a *patois* called *bable*. In the Western

districts, however, intelligible Spanish is used; but the natives are so distrustful and oppressed that when you address them they always answer with a single formula: 'That's so, that's so.'

When the snow leaves in the spring, the herds are driven up into the mountains from the lowlands, where they remain until the autumn snow drives them down again. Then the peasants descend to the valleys to attend the fairs held at that time. Hucksters and traders of every kind, and the rich men who have cattle out on shares, flock to these events. Buyers purchase the stock at ridiculously low prices, a practice aided by the fact that the markets last but a short time, and there will be no other opportunity to sell until a year later. Cattle usurers collect their half or more of the price received for the stock grazed on shares. Between buyers and usurers the simple mountaineers are pretty well despoiled of the proceeds of their year's labor.

[*National Review* (English Conservative Monthly), *May*]

## WITH THE BRITISH MISSION IN SIBERIA

BY 'ONLOOKER'

It is difficult for a participant in an undertaking of this nature to write an entirely unbiased account of it. Some months, however, having now elapsed since the British Mission's activities in Siberia came to a close, it is possible, in the light of after events, to view matters in a truer perspective, if not altogether without prejudice. It was realized by all that Admiral Kolchak was seriously handicapped at the outset by having to build up his entire fabric, military and civil, from the bottom, whereas the Soviet Power, in occupation of the greater part of



European Russia, was comparatively well found in this respect. As Admiral Kolchak, whatever faults he may have possessed, was at all events a high-principled patriot of undoubted integrity, and as he was at this time supported by a strong section of Russian opinion, it is no matter for surprise that the Allies should have decided to help him in every way short of armed intervention.

How it happened that Great Britain should have come to play such a prominent part in this is beyond the scope of this article, though we may bear in mind that Great Britain, as the Power with most at stake in Russia, was naturally interested in the establishment of a constitutional government which would not renounce debts incurred under the old régime. Toward the end of 1918 it was decided to send a strong British Mission, consisting of some hundreds of experienced officers and non-commissioned officers, drawn from all fronts, to Vladivostok. The work of this Mission was to be threefold:

(1) To distribute the material assistance supplied by the British government, and to see that it was put to the best use and not wasted.

(2) To give such assistance and instruction as might be acceptable and desirable to Admiral Kolchak's armies in the making.

(3) To keep the British government informed of the trend of events in Siberia.

The nominal headquarters and the base of the Mission were established at Vladivostok, where the heads of the administrative branches and supplying departments could best discharge their duties. General Knox himself, with a small staff and escort, took up his quarters in a special train, whereby he was enabled to visit at will his base, the Russian *Stavka* (General Head-

quarters), the centres at which branches of the Mission were installed, and the various sectors of the front on which the White armies were operating. Branches of the Mission were established at all the most important military centres in Siberia, these including at one time or another Ekaterinburg, Cheliabinsk, Omsk, Novo Nikolaevsk, Tomsk, Barnaul, Irkutsk, and Chita. As regards the issue of munitions to the Russians, the general principle was to send up echelons by rail, under the British flag, to main distributing points, such as Omsk and Irkutsk, where they were handed over in bulk to the Russian authorities. In the matter of training and advice, the view prevailed that, as the efficiency of an army depends primarily on that of its officers, the first point to be attended to was the instruction of good officers. This, moreover, gave promise of producing the most far-reaching results with the relatively small British personnel available.

Cadet schools were accordingly established under Russian officers, with a British staff working in close liaison, with results which were not altogether unsatisfactory. The principal cadet schools were at Russian Island (off Vladivostok) and at Tomsk. The syllabus at these schools was on similar lines to that at the R.M.C., Sandhurst, but very much condensed. There was also this difference, that some cadets became officers, and some non-commissioned officers, on completion of the course. British artillery officers were also attached to Russian artillery in an advisory capacity, some useful work being done in spite of great difficulties. The experiment was tried in the spring of 1919 of training a so-called Anglo-Russian Brigade at Ekaterinburg, the commanders, down to platoon sergeants, being British,

but this was a failure. Had it been otherwise, it is hard to see what useful purpose could have been served by a single efficient brigade on so wide a front. The officers of the Mission were also able to give some help to the Russian troops in musketry, machine-gun work, physical training, and, last but not least, in sports, notably football.

Considering the small British staffs available, the distribution of material to the Russians proceeded successfully. Special trains of twenty to thirty trucks, loaded with ammunition, equipment, etc., were sent to the various centres, under the British flag, with small British escorts. These generally got through safely in spite of the activities of the wandering Red bands. At times the perverse and dilatory behavior of the railway officials was a hindrance. Every British officer who went up in charge of an echelon had strict orders to bring his train through intact, and on no account to leave a wagon behind *en route*. In the event of breakdowns, fresh wagons were to be obtained and the contents transferred. Owing to the unusually inefficient conditions under which the railway was working, breakdowns—mostly from heated axle boxes—were of constant occurrence. Considerable trouble was often experienced in persuading railway officials to hand over trucks, and to marshal trains in the correct order. In some of the bigger stations, British officers of the Railway Mission were located to facilitate matters. When halted, it was necessary to mount sentries to patrol the trains, chiefly as a precaution against the common thieves who infested the railway. The average run from Vladivostok to Omsk for a good echelon was four or five weeks, but trains were liable to be some weeks late!

The main difficulty in the distribution of equipment was, however, less in its bulk delivery to the Russian authorities than in its subsequent issue to the troops, which was carried out, of course, by the Russians. Any one who has had experience of the corruptness of certain classes of Russian officials will readily picture what used to occur. As an instance, one may cite the case of a trainload of medical stores which had been dispatched to a certain place for distribution to one of the Russian armies that was urgently in need of them. Scarcely any reached the army in question. Some of the stores were seized by hospitals and units which were on the spot when the train arrived, but the majority found its way into the local market at once, and in a day or two all the chemists' shops, hitherto out of stock of these commodities, were selling them to the public. Instances were not unknown of wholesale purloining of uniforms, etc., by the officials whose duty it was to issue them. In spite of these difficulties, however, much valuable material was provided for the white armies.

The advisory and instructional work of the Mission did not progress as well as it promised, notwithstanding the fact that in many cases excellent beginnings were made, and British officers and non-commissioned officers managed to gain the confidence and friendship of the Russians with whom they had to deal. There were numerous factors at work to alienate the sympathies of the Russians, not the least of which was the regrettable policy of vacillation shown by the Allied and Associated Powers. The constant hesitations and changes of policy of the Allies, rumors of strong opposition from the United States of America, the short-sighted clamorings of 'arm-chair experts' on Russian

affairs at Westminster—to all of which the Siberian press did more than justice—gradually obliterated that essential feeling among the Russians of faith in the British. In its place arose feelings of wonder and pain, changing to doubt and eventual mistrust. British officers would continually be questioned as to the policy of our government towards Russia, and in the absence of any definite enunciation thereof were at some pains to reassure their Russian friends by recourse to their own imaginations.

As time went on, it became clear that the majority of the Russian officers did not want our advice or instruction without some concrete backing to it, and merely accepted it and humored us in proportion to the material help we were supplying. By trying to imagine oneself in their position one can feel considerable sympathy for them in this. It is a severe shock to the pride of a once famous army to be forced to accept such assistance from foreigners.

For example, a British officer, attached to a Russian artillery division, which was armed with British 15-pounders, discovered after some months that the Russian colonel had been secretly intriguing against him all the time, telling the men to ignore the British officer's advice. Subsequently a very pro-British general heard of this and intervened handsomely in favor of the British officer. Rumors were spread about among the Russians that the British had supplied all their old field-guns so as to find a market for them, and that the guns were unsafe to fire. There was, unfortunately, a handle for this in the fact that the British government had supplied 15-pounders and not 18-pounders, that is, a less up-to-date weapon than the Russian army had before the Revolution,

but, none the less, quite good enough for its purpose. These stories were undoubtedly started and fostered by Bolshevik propagandists and did a great deal of harm.

In regard to the training in the cadet schools, the indoor work and lectures were left entirely in the hands of the Russian officer instructors. In the outdoor work the British officers had some say. Thus during drill and manoeuvre British officers were usually present and able to criticize, though it did not always follow that their criticisms would be accepted. In musketry training and machine-gun work, the British had rather more voice, our own training methods and standards being far in advance of the Russian. The only branch in which the British had full control was physical training and bayonet fighting.

Generally speaking, one gained the impression that the rank and file showed enthusiasm over British advice and methods, while a large number of the officers showed a certain indifference, if not actual opposition thereto. One was forced to conclude that the Mission was not being given a fair chance to do as much good as it could and should have done. The Russian officers were fairly well versed in the theory of their profession; but in practise, in their methods of dealing with their men, and in common honesty of purpose they had much to learn. While on this subject it will be interesting to consider the Anglo-Russian Brigade, to which reference has already been made. This brigade, with the approval of the Russian government, was to be entirely organized, trained, and equipped by the British on British lines. In spite of great difficulties, matters progressed well, the Russian recruits being worked very hard and showing the greatest keenness. They evidently appreciated

being properly looked after by their British officers. Unfortunately, when Kolchak's retreat was becoming serious, orders were given that the brigade was to be broken up and used as reinforcing drafts for regiments at the front. On receipt of these orders, the Russians in the brigade commonly said that they would fight anywhere under their British officers, but would not serve under Russian officers. The result was that, when they were sent to the front, numbers of them deserted to the Red army. Two other incidents in connection with this brigade are worthy of note. At the time when the formal orders of the Russian Chief of Staff were issued to form this brigade, a highly placed Russian officer gave private instructions that every obstacle was to be put in the way of making it a success! Incidents of this nature are bound at times to occur in such cases, and should not be regarded as anything more than illustrations of the difficulties which are apt to arise in dealing with foreign armies. On another occasion a Russian officer, talking to a British officer about the brigade, said, 'You give the men too much to eat. Why don't you give them half the quantity and sell the rest?' This is typical of what certain types of Russians would argue.

The relations between the British and the Allied officers were of the most cordial nature. The French, as is natural, had perhaps more in common with the British than the others, and the Italians also were on excellent terms with us. As regards the Americans, in spite of the somewhat antagonistic traits of character of the two great English-speaking races, relations were most amicable, friendly courtesies being freely offered and accepted on both sides. Of the Roumanians, Yugoslavs, etc., the British officers saw comparatively little. On

the other hand, the Czechs, represented by an army corps, formed out of prisoners captured by the Russians in 1915, were very much in evidence. Their smartness and efficiency were a frequent matter of comment among all ranks of the Mission, and their sporting tastes and friendly attitude towards the British led to much pleasant intercourse.

At the risk of being accused of prejudice, it is permissible to say that with the Russians the British were the least unpopular of the Allies. At all events, the relations between the Mission and the Russians, both military and civil, were, on the whole, quite cordial, in spite of occasional difficulties about our advice. Towards the other European Allies the Russians appeared to be somewhat less friendly though outwardly courteous. There is little doubt that of all the Allied and Associated Powers the Americans were the most unpopular, and for this two reasons suggested themselves. In the first place, there were grounds for supposing that the American troops were, if not actually tainted with Bolshevism, at least not sufficiently anti-Bolshevist to please the Russians. This was constantly mentioned or inferred by veiled insinuations, both in the Siberian press and in conversation. In the second place, the American, with the best of intentions, has an unfortunate directness of speech, in the matter of criticism and expression of opinions, which is inexpedient and apt to give offence in dealing with men of other nationalities. Taking it all round, the Americans were hated by all shades of Russian opinion. None the less, the Americans deserve full credit for the admirable work done by their Red Cross organization.

As regards the Japanese, their troops, who were well disciplined,

were popular with the natives of the country with whom they came into contact. Among the better educated Russians, however, one noticed that the insult of the Russo-Japanese War had not been forgotten, and the opinion was even heard that as soon as Russia had settled her internal affairs, and recovered economically, she would settle accounts with her Eastern neighbor. Between the Russians and the Czechs there was little love lost. The Russians were jealous of them, resenting the help the Czechs had given them, and saying that the latter made too much fuss over what they had done. This attitude was unreasonable, as the Czechs were not given to belauding their own achievements, though in private they would sometimes voice their opinions of the Russian troops in Siberia, their efficiency and morals. The truth was that the Russians could not help noticing the difference between their own troops and the smart and efficient Czechs. As the Czechs, during the summer of 1919, did more to preserve internal order than any other Power, it is to be regretted that the Russians should have shown such ill-concealed and ungrateful jealousy.

In early 1919 a strong body of public opinion was behind Kolchak, willing to support him in his task of restoring order. The elements of the extreme right and right centre, whether Absolute Monarchists or Constitutional Democrats, were all strongly anti-Bolshevist, and saw in the possible success of Kolchak a stepping-stone towards their goal. In their ranks were to be found upper and middle classes, army officers and civilians in the employ of the former government, men engaged in commerce and industry, including small shopkeepers. The Social Revolutionaries were always a thorn in the flesh owing to the

uncertain divergency of their views. The moderates supported Kolchak, whose intention they knew was to convene a constituent assembly and to let the Russians choose their own form of government. The extremists were 'out-and-out' Bolsheviki, violently anti-Kolchak. Between these two was a section who were both anti-Bolshevist and anti-Kolchak, for ever intriguing and seriously hampering Kolchak's efforts.

The British reader will want to know the opinion of the bulk of the population. The peasantry, some 80 per cent of the people, hold no political views at all. The British 'working man,' to use the peculiar misnomer commonly applied to the manual worker, is quite a hundred years educationally ahead of his Russian prototype, and generally holds pronounced, though sometimes strange, views on politics. The Siberian peasant has none. All he desires is to be left alone to cultivate his crops in peace, and to find a market where he can dispose of his produce and buy his requirements. Military service is anathema to him, although, properly treated, he makes one of the finest soldiers in the world. It seems probable that with judicious handling and under certain conditions the opinion of the peasants, originally favorably disposed to Kolchak, could have been so kept long enough for stable government to be established.

In addition to the above classes and parties, we must notice the numerous bands of outlaws who infested Siberia throughout 1919. These bands were composed of malcontents and ne'er-dowells who found brigandage a paying and easy profession to follow, under the prevailing conditions. They were not necessarily persons politically inclined to Bolshevism, though they were referred to in the press and officially as Red bands, but they were



whole-heartedly encouraged by the Bolsheviks, both with propaganda and funds. Their activities had a twofold object, to loot, and to create confusion in Kolchak's rear. As the big towns were all garrisoned, these bands carried out their looting raids in the villages, their principal victims being the harmless unarmed peasants. Their second object they attained by raids on the trans-Siberian railway, as a result of which numerous stations were seized and burned, and trains derailed. These expeditions were always accompanied by ghastly outrages and tortures.

It has been said that Kolchak started with public opinion in his favor, and it is proposed to touch briefly on the trend of events during the period of his rule. In the first place, it may be remarked that few Englishmen without personal experience can grasp the very lax standard of honesty which obtains among Russians compared with other European nations. When Russia was enjoying normal conditions this was a disadvantage, but not an insuperable obstacle to the peaceful domestic and economic life of the people. With a nation torn by war and revolutions it was a grave hindrance to the restoration of law and order. Dishonesty and speculation were rife everywhere, and even when discovered were not punished severely as they should have been. In August, 1919, a general officer at the *Stavka* was court-martialed for trafficking in railway trucks, the allotment of which was under his direction. He was given a nominal punishment, released, and appointed to a high post in the Omsk military district. This was typical. The constant fall of the ruble due to the unlimited issue of paper money, the great scarcity of imported manufactured goods in the interior of Siberia, coupled with prof-

iteering, were all causing a steady increase in the cost of living and consequent widespread discontent. Persons in receipt of fixed incomes found subsistence thereon impossible, and resorted to other means to augment their earnings.

On the trans-Siberian railway, for instance, there was scarcely an employee, from the humble *provodnik*, or attendant, who lives permanently on each passenger coach, to the traffic superintendents, who did not take bribes in the performance of his duties. A *provodnik* receiving 500 rubles a month was easily enabled to supplement this by carrying merchandise, such as silk or cotton goods, hidden in the lockers under the passenger seats, from Vladivostok westwards, thus evading both customs dues and transport charges. On the run from Vladivostok to Omsk, a *provodnik* might well receive 10,000 rubles for taking a consignment through. The speculator's agent at Omsk would remove the goods by night, and, with the shortage of such commodities, clear a profit of several hundred thousand rubles on the transaction.

To quote another instance, during the early days of Kolchak's retreat towards Omsk, British officers of the Railway Mission, while endeavoring to evacuate refugees and stores eastwards, would frequently find trucks, shunted off on sidings, sealed, and marked 'not in running order.' There was nothing at all the matter with the trucks in most cases. The point was that the station-master, by holding these up, could obtain as much as 20,000 rubles for a single truck when wealthy merchants and others were trying to escape with their families.

The incentive to dishonesty, arising from the high cost of living, did not, however, always lead to such comparatively peaceful methods, but some-

times to brigandage on a large scale. Reference has already been made to the Red bands and their depredations throughout Siberia. These necessitated the posting of considerable bodies of troops along and near the railway to maintain order. These troops, ill-equipped and underpaid, and lacking in discipline, were often as bad as the Red bands. Instances were not uncommon of looting, murders, and rape by the White soldiers among the peasantry, who came to regard them as the brutal instruments of a government scarcely to be preferred to the Reds. Among these may be quoted the excesses of the troops under Aninkoff, in July and August, 1919, which resulted in a serious rising of the peasants in the Barnaul area, with the slogan, 'Neither the Red robbers nor Kolchak's robbers!'

To those who had the opportunity of a first-hand acquaintance with and close study of events in Siberia in 1919, it is abundantly clear that the primary and basic cause of the many contributing to the failure and subsequent murder of Admiral Kolchak was the miserable policy, or lack of policy, of the Allied and Associated Powers. Admittedly the Russian people are in many respects their own worst enemies. In the interests of impartiality, no attempt has been made in these lines to gloss over the malpractices which went on in Siberia, but it must be remembered that, bad as they may seem to Englishmen, they pale into insignificance beside the cold-blooded horrors of the Soviet régime. After the succession of wars, revolutions, and counter-revolutions which have convulsed Russia, it is scarcely surprising that all semblance of national discipline should have vanished. Under the prevailing conditions no man knew that whole-hearted service to

the government of to-day might not be considered a capital offence by the ruler of to-morrow.

Having definitely committed themselves to the policy of assisting all the anti-Bolshevist governments, The Great Powers publicly declared themselves satisfied with the programme and *bona fides* of Admiral Kolchak. The hour was ripe for his formal recognition. Public opinion throughout Siberia hoped for and expected it. This one step would have made the difference between the quick suppression of the forces of anarchy and their apparent triumph. Kolchak's position would have been immeasurably strengthened, and there is every reason to believe that he would have been in Moscow by the winter. National discipline and morals would have been restored by the knowledge that Kolchak had the Allies at his back; corruption and its attendant ills would have been greatly diminished. Instead, the reaction caused by the eleventh-hour reversal of the Allied policy was a severe blow to Kolchak's authority, and put fresh heart into the Bolshevik leaders at a time when they were being hard pressed on all sides.

If one may presume to criticize a brave patriot who gave his life for Russia, one questions the wisdom of Kolchak in failing to take early steps for the convention of a national assembly. The task of restoring order in a country torn by anarchy and revolution is, of course, one demanding, for the time being, the assumption of autocratic power by one man, and Admiral Kolchak probably felt that he could best attain his object unhampered by the conflicting and often inept advice of many counsellors. Moreover, there were numerous questions, unimportant from his broader point of view, yet materially affecting the well-being of

the people, which might have received better attention with greater decentralization of authority.

The Zemstvo organizations in Siberia were, during 1919, in existence and to some extent functioning, and they suggest themselves as a framework on which the principles of local self-government might have been more fully developed and which might also have served as a ready-made machinery for convening a national assembly, however imperfect. Such an assembly could have been, temporarily, purely advisory in character, designed more with a view to keeping the supreme governor in touch with public opinion than with actual governmental powers, which might have militated against his authority. It would have served as an earnest of the eventual democratic government of Russia, and, one feels, would have strengthened Admiral Kolchak's hold over the people, especially the non-Bolsheviks but anti-Kolchak elements thereof.

With a few exceptions, Kolchak was not fortunate in his political advisers. Apart from their lack of statesman-like qualities, they not only failed to keep him in close touch with the trend of events and with popular opinion, but appeared deliberately to make a 'ring fence' round him to prevent it. Wherever he went he was always surrounded by his escort, and the public were afforded but small opportunities of seeing him. When he appeared in public, at a theatre, or for Divine Service at the cathedral, the building was closely watched and only a selected few admitted. Doubtless at this time his life was seldom out of danger, but safety measures were carried to excess. The same principle applied to affairs of state, with the result that Kolchak had little chance of remedying the numerous evils of which the people complained. None the less, one cannot

deny that he displayed inadequate strength in the punishment of abuses which did come to his notice, and which were so detrimental to the stability of his government.

No attempt to discuss the causes of the fall of the Omsk government would be complete without a reference to that most potent factor, propaganda. The Soviet authorities, fully realizing its value, flooded Siberia with propaganda from the start. Throughout the country agents traveled about, poisoning the minds of all and sundry against the existing government. The troops were a special target for this, and even the foreign troops were not exempt from this attention. One never heard of any success on the part of these agents among the few British troops in the country, but the other Allies were not spared. English-speaking Jews contrived to find employment as interpreters, or in other capacities, with the American troops. To deal with the Japanese, Chinese agents were employed. The obvious antidote — namely, counter-propaganda — was not efficiently organized till the middle of 1919, when much harm had already been done.

These and other factors, from about midsummer onwards, gradually took effect, and Kolchak's government began to lose the respect and support of the people. Discipline, never good, went from bad to worse, both in the army and in civil life. The White army ceased to be a serious obstacle to the Red army. Desertions took place in thousands, thanks to the corruptness and ineptitude of officers and civil officials. Troops refused to fight and retired shamefully from an enemy fifty miles away, without any attempt at resistance; and disorders in the rear increased till the finale, the overthrow of the government, and the brutal murder of Admiral Kolchak.

## LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

### THE NEW AUTOBIOGRAPHY

LONDON dinner tables have appreciated very deeply their weekly portions of the Autobiography of Margot Asquith published in the *Sunday Times*. When these memoirs, written 'without fear or favor,' purporting to tell the whole truth, were announced, a certain perturbation manifested itself among the sensitive plants of English society and political life. Their fears have not, perhaps, altogether been realized, although Mrs. Asquith certainly writes with less regard for the reticencies than is customary in memoirs largely concerned with living people. If she is caustic with or about others, she is not afraid to repeat an incisive remark about herself and can quote without comment Mr. Balfour's answer when asked if he were going to marry Margot Tennant: 'No, that is not so. I rather think of having a career of my own.' And, as Mrs. Asquith's gossip chiefly concerns the private doings of public characters, the future historian, the earnest seeker after truth should welcome whatever light is thrown on these protagonists of modern civilization.

However valuable to future students, a *journal intime* hangs perilously on the edge of triviality or, what is worse, self-consciousness, and most chroniclers of small talk will fail where Mrs. Asquith has only partially succeeded. A writer in the *Athenæum* puts forward the horrible suggestion that Mrs. Asquith's precedent of contemporary memoirs will be taken up or surpassed by indigent or avid persons in public life. 'Why,' in fact, he asks, 'wait at

all? What, in fact, is there to prevent our celebrated personages from giving their private diaries to the newspaper press as they are written, smoking hot, day by day? . . . Surely if our suggestion were adopted and the newspaper had its column devoted to the *journal intime* of this or that Cabinet Minister, Royal Prince, Lady-in-Waiting, there is no reason why the east should not meet the west over the breakfast table every morning.

'And on what terms! The mind faints before the possibilities. Proven journalist though our Secretary of State for War has shown himself to be, how heartened should we find his narrative if it were enriched with a flashing glimpse or two of his personality! "Back from House early last night; spent half-hour trying on my hats. Cannot see what B—P—finds to laugh at in them. True, my forehead is immense, but can that be wondered at?" Or suppose we read in the Court Circular of a Royal visit to Brighton and a stroll along the pier; how thrilling to turn to the diary of the Illustrious One and read that she "could not help thinking of Longfellow's lovely poem, 'Break, break, break, on thy cold grey stones, O sea,' while she strolled."

'But these are timid half-glances, the barest hints at what might be. Let us try to imagine the fashion grown really popular and the spirit of competition — that most all-pervading of spirits — entered in. What would fetch the largest sum? Would the desire to cut a dash in the diary turn many a plain

life into a colored? And is it possible that at the time of a general election Y might write on Tuesday, "Met X today outside the club. Very dodderly," and X reply on Wednesday, "Saw Y in the club yesterday. Afraid he can't last long"?"

Our quarrel with these memoirs is not that Mrs. Asquith, as some suggest, has made herself too great, but that she made the great too little. One only senses a certain solemnity on her part as she sets down the verses, dedications, and compliments so lavishly showered on her by the great men of her generation, or records her spirited conversations with them. There is something pathetic about these reminiscences, not Mrs. Asquith's solemnity, but rather the silliness of the great.

It depresses a hero-worshipper to see his Heroes maunder and drivel over an attractive young girl, even as attractive a one as Mrs. Asquith. We hoped for better things, a Promethean agony, a lofty, calm, the serene heights of mountain-minded man. A Hero may be permitted to make a smart retort, or even a jape from time to time, but he should never go mooning around or evolve *vers de société* like the following by Mr. Gladstone:

When Parliament ceases and comes the recess,  
And we seek in the country rest after distress,  
As a rule upon visitors place an embargo,  
But make an exception in favor of Margot, etc.,  
etc.

One wishes that instead of writing poetry, Mr. Gladstone had taken off his collar and chopped down another tree.

Not all of us have adjusted the neckties of the gods. It even comes to us as something of a shock to learn that they have neckties and collar buttons and the other absurd paraphernalia of common life. Most of us

have a weakness—shared by the sculptors at the National Capitol at Washington—for draping the statues of our statesmen in the classic toga, a pleasantly unreal garment which maintains the illusion of the extraordinary man. It is precisely this undermining of our illusions by Mrs. Asquith which we resent. She has made all our great men into clever people. She has made us look at the great scene of the play through the wrong end of the opera glasses.

Some critics would seem to imply that Mrs. Asquith's confused sense of values is actually only an over-appreciation of the importance of being Margot. Of this school is E. V. L. part of whose clever, if not too kind, parody in *Punch* follows.

D.

PROPOSALS—CARLYLE—BISMARCK—  
DISRAELI—A NEW BROWNING POEM—  
NAPOLEON ON LIVING BRITISH  
STATESMEN

[Readers of the vivacious but too reticent serial now appearing in the *Sunday Times* may have noticed that the narrative is now and then interrupted by a row of what Lord Randolph Churchill, during one of his conversations with Mrs. Asquith and Jowett, called (to the immense delight of the Master of Balliol) 'those damned dots.' Mr. Punch has, at fabulous expense, acquired the right to publish certain of the omitted passages, a selection of which is appended.]

*Many Admirers*

No sooner was I in my earliest teens and had made up my mind as to the best cigarettes, than proposals began to be a matter of daily occurrence, so that whenever I saw the fifth footman or the third butler stealthily approaching me I knew that he was concealing a *billet doux*. Sometimes they were very flattering. Here is one, written in the big boyish hand of a Prince of the Blood:



My beautiful, there is no one like you. They want me to marry the daughter of a royal house, but if you will say 'Yes' I will defy them. We will be married by the Archbishop, who marries and buries so beautifully; but I shall never need burying, because those who marry you never die.

Poor boy, I had to send him a negative by the fifteenth groom in the third phaeton, drawn by a pair of dashing chestnuts which another of my unsuccessful adorers had given me. I noticed that when they got back to Grosvenor Square the chestnuts had turned to grays.

### *The Sage of Chelsea*

Thomas Carlyle loved to have me trotting in and out of his house in Cheyne Row, and we had endless talks on the desirability of silence. 'Yon wee Meg,' he used to say, for he refused to call me 'Margot,' declaring it was a Frenchified name — 'yon wee Meg is the cleverest girl in Scotland — and the wittiest.'

I remember once that Ruskin was there, too, and we had a little breeze.

RUSKIN (*patronizingly*): What do you think of the paintings of Turner?

MARGOT: He bores me.

RUSKIN (*drawing in a long breath*): Bores you?

MARGOT (*with a slow smile*): He probably bores you, too, only you dare n't admit it.

What would have happened I cannot imagine had not 'dear old Carlyle offered me a draw of his pipe, while remarking laughingly, 'She's a wonder, is Meg; she'll lead the world yet.'

One day he asked me what I thought of his writing.

MARGOT: Too jerky and overcharged.

CARLYLE (*wincing*): I must try to improve. What is your theory of authorship?

MARGOT: I think one should assume that everything that happens to oneself must be interesting to others.

CARLYLE (*as though staggered by a new idea*): Why?

MARGOT (*simply*): Because oneself is so precious, so unique.

I asked him once what he really thought of Mrs. Carlyle, but he changed the subject.

THE results of some recent researches into the mystery of Miles Standish, the Puritan Captain of Longfellow's poem, are about to be published by Messrs. Longmans in the Manchester University Press Historical Series in a volume entitled *Captain Myles Standish: His Lost Lands and Lancashire Connections: A New Investigation*, by the Reverend Thomas C. Porteus, Vicar of St. John the Divine, Coppull, Lancashire. The discussion regarding the antecedents of Miles Standish has been revived by the death of Mr. A. N. W. Standish, of Standish Hall, Wigan, a letter in the *Times* of the 19th inst., from Mr. W. Cubbon, Secretary of the Isle of Man Antiquarian Society, stating that as a result of their investigations both Mr. Porteus and the New England Genealogical Society have come to the conclusion that Miles was not of the Duxbury Standish but of the Ormskirk branch of the family, and that he must have been born in the Isle of Man.

SEM BENELLI'S, *The Jest*, produced in America by the Barrymores, has just been put on in London. We print the *Observer's* review:

'This play, like many another good sensational heroic tragedy, must to a large extent have been written backwards. A thoroughly heart-rending situation was obviously the first requirement — and if a couple of them could be provided, so much the better. The torturing of the hero in a dungeon by candle-light would seem to promise well as a third act, and the stabbing of

somebody ("off scene," fortunately, and with only one attendant scream) would round things off nicely in the fourth. To have as characters the bullies, the courtesans, and the poets of the Renaissance and to set the scene in the very capital of Lorenzo the Magnificent would make a sure appeal. If the bully were to be worsted by a little sniveling coward of a poet, and if whoever was going to be stabbed could be killed in the very arms of his mistress, it would be both dramatic and romantic. And thus it was, one imagines, that *The Jest* came into being.

'The pity of these plays is that they spoil the actors engaged in them. The heroic style of acting has lost its supreme attractiveness, and the combination of Bulwer Lytton and Macready cannot be revived these days. Mr. Henry Ainley, as the heroic bully, does it very well at moments (the robustness of his personality probably tempts him to it), but why should so fine an actor, and one who can work so much more subtly, do it at all? The reliance he placed on the dominance of his large physique and the rich power of his voice ("ponging it over," I believe it is called), seemed to absolve him from further responsibility for most of the play, and his period of sanity and good acting did not come until he was called upon to feign insanity. In the third act, the scene in the dungeon, there were touches of fan-

tasy and inspiration in his madness which made one regret the Florentine barn-storming, and revealed him among the rest almost as an actor among amateurs.

'Mr. Claude Rains, as the poet, gave a perfectly intelligent and well-trained performance for four long acts, and during the first two of them he was the only person on the stage who conveyed the impression that he thoroughly knew what he was talking about. The sentences came out of his mouth as though he understood their grammatical construction and had mastered their relevance to the rest of the play, whereas the eyes of Mr. Ainley and others lit up with glad intelligence when from time to time they came to recognize a scattered phrase. Miss Marie Hemingway looked throughout a little too scared and ingenuous ideally to represent a courtesan of the period of the Magnificent — but the general noise probably accounted for it.

'Mr. Ainley no doubt intends to do more with his part and with the whole production during his provincial tour and before he comes to London. But it is with the play and not with the Wimbledon production that one quarrels. If Mr. Ainley were less than a great actor — when at his best — the selection of *The Jest* would have been excusable. But he is not; and the selection of the play must remain unexcused.'

H. G.

[The Nation]

## THACKERAY: A NEW INTERPRETATION

BY M. P. WILLCOCKS

THE story of humanity is the tale of the house that Jack built, and this always ends triumphantly, after the catalogue of the cat, the rat, and the other industrious creatures who did the work, with, 'this is the man that lived in the house that Jack built.' The man who did not build is the crown and glory of the whole. This view, at any rate, went unchallenged in the heyday of the Industrial Revolution, when the Indian nabob, who had tapped the wealth of the East, and the mill owner who had used the brains of the inventor and the strength of the 'prentice children, were first joining forces with that other section of the elect, the landed gentry. The landlord, it is true, when he chanced to be a great Duke, lived in the Holy of Holies, while the mill owner was but a dweller in the Holy Place. Yet it was not impossible to cross from one realm to the other, for the bridge was supplied in marriage. And that fact settled the value of the woman. The marriageable maiden learned to say, 'You must ask papa,' and this for good reasons, since papa knew better what is the nature of a business contract.

It is this world that Thackeray painted. His people are preoccupied entirely with those streams of Pactolus which flowed from human labor applied to steam power, and the only difference between the serious folk and the idlers was that the former spent their time diverting the stream in this direction or in that, while the latter merely bathed in those refreshing waters. No

one in Thackeray does anything by way of useful labor, except Crawley of Queen's Crawley who breeds pigs and Miss Honeyman who makes tarts and lets lodgings. And both Crawley and the lady are heartily despised for so doing. To work *coram populo* is shameful. Only vaguely in the remote background of the Newcome world the factory chimneys smoke to make their wealth; much play is made of the Colonel's nobility in not forgetting an old nurse and relative who was once a mill girl, while Ethel Newcome is a bold free-thinker because she refuses to believe the story that the founder of the family was barber-surgeon to a king: she actually suspects he may have been only a barber. In this world to be an artist is to be an utterly impossible person, and even a writer in the *Pall Mall Gazette* is rather common. Thackeray knows better than this, for is he not a cosmopolitan? Yet all his skill deserts him when he draws J. J., the butler's son, who, as a working artist, is about as convincing as would be a painting of a clothes-horse to indicate a racer. The people Thackeray understood had other interests than work.

In 1829 appeared *Père Goriot*, in 1846 *Vanity Fair*: these two novels are companion pictures of the new world that was coming into being with the age of capitalism. Paris and London were the natural centres of this Western creed, the only faith which the West has actually produced, that wealth is the road to everyman's desire, that

there can be a heaven on earth and that the gate to it is guarded, not by a common fisherman, but by a banker. The many pages of Thackeray's long books, the scores of volumes by Balzac, are concerned entirely with the crowd that jostles outside the gates of this earthly kingdom of heaven. Here old club-men, stockbrokers, gamblers, nabobs, soldiers of fortune, merchants, courtesans, matrons, and young girls struggle like a herd at the door of the slaughterhouse, and here and there one slips through into the promised land. It is strange, however, that the two great painters of this paradise, which is not of green pastures, draw but shadowy outlines of this heaven on the other side: it is left for the most part by both of them in Dantesque confusion. Yet to the day of his death Balzac believed in the bliss of it, and Thackeray sorrowfully confessed he knew no better one that was attainable, except, of course, the conventional heaven on the other side of death which nobody troubled to visualize. He is in two minds about the happiness given by wealth, indeed, for he evidently believes that a competency would have made Becky a decent woman, yet he shows that the last agony of Colonel Newcome might have been avoided had he never touched the Bundelcund Banking Company. The man, says he, who puts his money on worldly prosperity is backing a dark horse.

Balzac it was who realized that the bliss is in the scrimmage outside the gates and not in the prize beyond. Yet the Frenchman and the Englishman are agreed in the standpoint from which they regard the structure of the social edifice: neither Balzac nor Thackeray cares a tinker's curse for the Jack who built the house. Even the apparent exception to this, that series of studies of country life which Balzac called *Les Paysans*, merely proves the

point in a remarkable way. For *Les Paysans* is nothing more than an extraordinary picture of how the landlords of France were robbed by peasant thieves, their woods denuded of timber, their crops sneaked under their bailiff's eyes, their châteaux not even safe from incendiary fires. There is not a line to show that Balzac realized who it was that planted the forests, tilled the crops, and built the châteaux.

This view of life and labor, which still prevails over more than half the world, it is that is threatening the destruction of this civilization. And in going back to Thackeray and Balzac we are returning, not simply to two writers of romance, but to the two observers who can analyze for us the mentality of the two nations that laid the foundations of the European world as it is to-day. For it was the wealth of England and the ideas of France that built up the structure of capitalism, the ideas and the wealth-producing methods, that is, of the possessing classes in the two most dynamic countries of the first years of the nineteenth century. Balzac's Paris is a world in miniature, a peep show, which proves how the bureaucracy that was the practical outcome of the revolution allied itself to the remnants of the feudal nobility and to the new class flung up by trade and commerce, and how all three classes gambled and played with the wealth produced by the new system.

In the same way Thackeray's London is the land of Cockaigne for the soldiers and civil servants come back from India as 'nabobs,' for the landed gentlemen like the Marquis of Steyne, and, finally, for the mill owners, like the Newcomes, who grew in power on the toil of hopeless men and starving children. The family of *La Cousine Bette* grows fat on *rentes*, the salaries of office, the sale of confiscated estates;

Colonel Newcome gets his sixty thousand pounds from the Bundelcund Banking Company, whose sign and token is a silver cocoanut tree under which is engraved 'a plough, a loom, a bale of cotton, a Brahmin, Britannia, and Commerce with a cornucopia': most suitable decorations, for East and West were laying their stores at the feet of the masters whether these be French or English. The man, in short, is in possession of the house that Jack built. It matters not at all who carried the hod.

Here, however, the likeness between the two writers is at an end, for Thackeray was English to the core, and Balzac a provincial Frenchman. Temperamentally, too, the man of devouring energy and will was at the opposite pole from the big, easy-going club-man who was so naturally always on the side of the angels, both by personal and national idiosyncrasy.

Nationalism runs like the guiding thread through nineteenth-century politics, but nationalism is, in fact, psychologically nothing more than the canalizing of those vague streams of moral and mental tendency which we call national character. European thought always runs into one mold — the mold of personality. The word 'Frenchman' or 'Englishman' calls up in the mind a portrait as real sometimes as is the picture suggested by a friend's name. There are actual visualizations behind these national types, as we call them. And even if we reduce the matter to its lowest terms and say that the Frenchman stands for logic, the Englishman for practicality, the German for thoroughness, we still see these qualities expressed respectively as a keen-eyed, eager man; a solid fellow with an air of responsibility; and an intent, bespectacled professor. And these portraits of national types are often the actual ideas which clinch

matters at a moment of decision. For to see the Poles as 'the most untrustworthy and bellicose race in Europe,' or to regard them as passionate artists in the grip of insensitive brutality may truly settle the destiny of a civilization.

In the same way the rule of Britain as a World Power depends, in the long run, on whether she writes her own view of her personality on the minds of those she rules, or whether they evolve a view of their own. Perhaps the biggest question of to-day is this: is it the Englishman as he sees himself or the Englishman as others see him who is going to stand for the word 'Englishman' in the eyes of the world?

The Englishman as he sees himself is reflected by Thackeray more powerfully than by any other English writer. And this fact makes his shapeless, rambling books the key both to England's greatness in the past and to her danger in the future. For Thackeray's ideal human being and the standard by which he judges all things is that of the English gentleman. And this is the form, too, in which our national genius sees itself incarnating most freely and gloriously. To the England of the great tradition in which the Victorian Age believed this is our racial type-form. It is the spiritual creation of the leisured, possessing classes, and is only extended, as a hybrid breed, among the workers under the name 'nature's gentleman.' But a nature's gentleman is a sort of *ersatz* or substitute for the real thing. At best he has but a twang of gentlemanliness. This true Englishman it is that Thackeray loves and Balzac loathes: the difference between the two men could be well put by saying that, while the Englishman spent his time painting the portraits of gentlemen, half-gentlemen, and no-gentlemen, the Frenchman spent his energy in drawing the man of sense, the man, and, still more, the woman, who knows



what the world is made of and, most important of all, what can be made of it. And, by the irony of fact, it is precisely this kind of man who was the ideal of Balzac the Frenchman, that the world insists on labeling 'Englishman.' How does this strange contradiction come about?

It lies deep buried, this contradiction, in the double nature of English personality that Thackeray has revealed as clearly as any man. He is, of course, in the direct line of inspiration from Fielding, with the difference that Fielding not only belonged to a franker age, but also enjoyed the advantage of seeing it from the bench at Bow Street instead of from the club armchair. Parson Adams is Fielding's masterpiece in the English gentleman line, and Thackeray follows him worthily with Colonel Newcome, but, although both novelists knew perfectly well that, even in England, cad's are commoner than gentlemen, it was Fielding alone who candidly painted the true nature of a cad, and, by a crowning merit, is as explicit in his picture of the cad as he is of the gentleman. Barnes Newcome starts as the Complete Cad, but the real thing seldom beats his wife, in the class to which Barnes belongs, at least, and never ends by giving lectures on Mrs. Hemans and the poetry of the affections.

Thackeray's courage failed him, as Fielding's did not when he drew Amelia's husband and the lecherous rascal, Tom Jones. But in William Dobbin, in Colonel Newcome, and Henry Esmond we have, and true to the last stroke, that type of Faithful Fool whom the Englishman loves to venerate in his more solemn moments. Thackeray smiles, lovingly, at the type in Dobbin and Newcome, and Esmond smiles at himself, but the three are, none the less, different aspects of God's Englishman. And as all the men in Thackeray are

judged by comparison with Dobbin, Newcome, and Esmond, so are all the women tested by their likeness to Amelia Sedley, Lady Castlewood, or Ethel Newcome, English gentlewomen according to the nicely graded levels of taste which determine social rank.

In this conception of fine personality, in both men and women, there are three leading characteristics; first, and as bed-rock, a mixture of honesty and simplicity that earnestly seeks to judge everything by some other test than the world's scale of values; second, a steadfastness or loyalty that cannot be changed by any shifting wind of circumstance or indeed of reason; and third, the purity that in men refuses to contemplate evil and in women reaches the sublime height of being ignorant of its very existence, sometimes as a fact, but always as an ideal. These are the virtues which, according to Thackeray's view, the Englishman not only puts in his shop windows when he is 'dressing' them for the edification of the world, but by which he does actually desire to steer his course. These are the virtues that sometimes flourish even in *Vanity Fair*—simplicity, loyalty, purity. Apparently, then, *Vanity Fair*, instead of being called a parrot-house, should have been painted as a Cave of Harmony. But no one knew better than Thackeray how few in it are the gentlemen, the noble women. Yet they do exist even in that vitiated air, and, what is more important, their very existence is a mute condemnation of the vileness of the rest. How brightly shines Ethel Newcome's honesty beside the corruption of her hag of a grandmother!

We reach, then, the surprising position that the race which cherishes these ideals of holy purity is also the race that has created the Empire on which the sun never sets, that has shown more genius for the annexation of

goods, lands, chattels, and ideals than any people that ever lived. Evidently virtue is good business: obviously, at any rate, much better business than the Balzacian taste for telling the stark truth about everything.

There is in *Esmond* a passage of peculiar power which gives the key to this puzzle. In a digression on the character of Marlborough, Thackeray says of him:

He was cold, calm, resolute, like fate. . . . Perhaps he would not have been the great man he was had he had a heart either for love or hatred, or pity or fear, or regret or remorse. . . . He used all men, great and small, that came near him, as his instruments alike, and took something of theirs, either some quality or some property . . . the blood of a soldier, it might be, or a jeweled hat, or a hundred thousand crowns from a king, or a portion out of a starving sentinel's three farthings . . . taking all he could from woman or man, and having, as I have said, this of the godlike in him, that he could see a hero perish or a sparrow fall, with the same amount of sympathy for either.

And then he adds with a final stroke of divination:

I think it was more from conviction than policy . . . that the great Duke always spoke of his victories . . . as if he was a special and fatal instrument in the hands of Providence.

It is the floating sea-wrack that throngs the clubs and drawing rooms of Thackeray, the *salons* of Balzac. These great artists have their chosen *métier*, but they are both too great really to suppose that these bubbles on the surface of the sea of toil are the dynamic characters that build the political and social state. In the background of those worlds of Paris and London we sometimes catch a brief glimpse of the causative forces. It is the Napoleonic return and its effect on 'Change that breaks old Sedley; it is the misery of Napoleon's broken soldiers that turns the husband of *Le Lis Dans La Vallée* into a dotard. But the business of Thackeray and Balzac is

with the 'bubbles' of these great tides. And in the heroic bubbles, Thackeray's good men, it is their very simplicity, loyalty, and purity that, by preventing them from seeing things as they are, blinds them most successfully to the evil in the structure that is being built by the more effective natures. The existence of these saints, these Colonel Newcomes, these Dobbins, and Esmonds, is an apology for the state of society in which they exist and thrive. These Faithful Fools are at once the unscrupulous man's tools and his apologia, his foundation stone and his whitewash.

Newcome was not simply fooled by Rummun Loll: he made his money out of a toiling India which at bottom he, most courteously, despised. He was rewarded with a cornucopia. Dobbin was a generous man, but when would you expect to find him inquiring into the profits of his father's grocery business or into the methods of the East India Company, both of which enabled him to be generous? Esmond was a loyal Castlewood, but he was not in the least disturbed about the drainage or the housing of Castlewood village whence came the smallpox. We find him much more worried about the injury to Lady Castlewood's complexion. Men of simplicity are the Fools Perfect from the standpoint of the dynamic man who shapes the destiny of humanity. The man of steadfastness who says '*j'y suis, j'y reste*'; where I was, I still am; true as the pole-star to some ancient idol that a quicker intelligence would have kicked off its pedestal years ago, will never do more than put the drag on. Men of purity, unless they have first won it by carrying themselves unspotted through all experiences, are those who walk in blinkers and can therefore be driven along any road, even to the everlasting bonfire, by the clear-sighted who sit up

aloft and view the lay of the land. These heroes of Thackeray play, in fact, the part taken by the good women of all ages: they conserve their own goodness in the midst of the pollution which they are too holy to realize.

They are ruled, too, by women because their guide is affection, never intelligence or reason. Says Esmond, uttering the creed of his kind: 'Twas a woman that made a soldier of me, that set me intriguing afterward; I believe I would have spun smocks for her had she so bidden me.' Esmond, in fact, has no convictions except that the Castlewood family is adorable, so that when he stops loving his Beatrix because she is willing to be a prince's mistress, he has n't the wit to see that she is n't a whit lower than she was when she proposed to sell herself in marriage to a duke. He cannot think to the bottom of an idea: the surface is always enough for him, as it is for all the simple gentlemen who, in assigning everything to the Great First Cause, made the mistake of forgetting that secondary cause, the human will. These gentlemen of Victorian England never give a thought to the systems of life which, as far as they are concerned, are assumed to grow by God's will.

Thackeray shares their pessimism though, in at least one respect, not their blindness. For he is so moved by the tenderness, the affection, that was the basis of his own nature, that in the case of women's position he is far ahead of his age. His bitter jibes are aimed particularly at the way society still plays the Turk, giving women over to men as slaves, denying them scope for their energies, buying and selling them as in the open market. He is the first of the moderns to realize that a woman may perhaps feel thwarted if she is prevented from using her intellect. His series of clever women are a challenge to Victorian self-compla-

cency: there is Beatrix with her 'Why am I not a man? I have ten times the brain —'; with her 'If it be no sin in a man to covet honor, why should a woman not desire it?'; there is Ethel Newcome resisting to the end the foul miasma of her family; there is Becky, whom Thackeray liked so well, for all the Victorian affectation which made him end her career in a garret instead of in the odor of sanctity with a wedding ring on her finger. It is a most lovable touch in this big, kindly man that he cannot bring himself to tell us whether Becky had actually paid the Marquis of Steyne for that thousand-pound note that caused all the bother. Balzac would have gloated over the details of the payment, but then Balzac is out for the whole truth: he has the sleuth-hound's nose for it, and truth is precisely what English Thackeray cannot face. He has no belief in the possibility of reforming this sad old world, and, therefore, the kindest thing you can do, especially if you love women and have a respect *virginibus puerisque*, is to draw a veil of mere illusion over the darkest corners of life.

You may lie and watch the mayflies circling in that curious dance of theirs that seems so aimless and lawless. You may reflect that in Babylon, no doubt, the flies circled just as they do to-day, with the same maddeningly senseless rhythm: you may be sure that, if the sun still shines ten thousand years hence, they will be doing the same thing. It was in this temper that Thackeray watched the crowds in his Vanity Fair: they circle till comes the cold of death; unlike the flies they have mourning hatchments put up for them, but with the spring other crowds are again found dancing the old measures. The human mayflies dance for wealth, power, show: all over and over again. The doctrine of the Eternal Return was not yet invented as a philosophical

theory, but Thackeray was a victim of it. He was — it is the characteristic of him that is most noted by his contemporaries — a lazy man, and there is nothing lazier in spirit than the view that the thing which has been, is now and ever shall be, ever and ever, amen. Yet that is to him the eternal rhythm of human life.

Artistically, too, every book of his making grows round him ever denser and denser, like an enchanted thicket. It closes round the lazy giant who, in the end, has hard work to cut himself out of the tangle, for he has no idea of pruning, no idea of form, and even commits the crime of dropping into family chronicle when the curtain had actually fallen with the Colonel's 'Adsum.' The beauty of such work is all derived from the satisfaction people feel amidst well-cultivated, very ancient, and settled landscape, or in the old observations they, like their ancestors, have already made ten thousand times. It adds a coziness to the joy of the first fire in autumn to say 'the days are closing in'; it adds a new beauty to the filmy tracery of spring to remember in this time that Chaucer also took pleasure in thinking of the small birds that sleep all night with open eyes. There is a tender sorrow in it all. Yet to some of us, in certain moods, this world of Thackeray's tenderness is more depressing than the fierce cold and burning heat of Balzac's Paris. Life in these Bloomsbury squares, in these great country houses, is worse than the region where Sabbaths never end, because you are alternately plunged in the relief of thinking it's all over, only to be born again, just to go circling round again: around nothing.

For that is the essence of this dance of the mayflies: they eternally return, not in order that they may get anywhere, but simply because they cannot escape the enchantment of eternal

folly. They are interested in nothing which could conceivably be interesting to any really intelligent person. They are essentially as mad, in their desire for show, these worldlings of Thackeray, as the people in *Heartbreak House*. For all conceivable objects of desire, all conceivable objects for which men can work, could be divided into two: those that feed the sense of personal power and mastery, and those that bring a sense of personal identification with the universal life. To be alive is wonderful when you feel the lever of your will at work and doing its job; to be alive is still more wonderful when every moment shows the vastness of the orchestra in which we play. This second world of joy was closed to all the Victorian world because the conception it implies of personality was not yet born. They had not learned to see the human being with the two wings that join him to the universe, the sensual tie which roots him deep in primordial nature, and the spiritual bond which opens to him the supra-sensual realm beyond Good and Evil. They had not realized this being nor this complexity of the human organism. None of them could, for instance, have written that extraordinary passage in Loti's *Roman d'un Spahi*, where the jungle sounds of the African night arouse in a man the desire that is not purely animal or purely human, but derives its power straight from the ancient darkness which bred both man and animal.

Nor, again, could any Victorian have sensed the world of pure intellect as it appears in the *Karamazov Brothers*. These worlds were unknown to them, though Balzac guessed at the existence of both. But even he dared not incarnate them in the Parisian, he shut these regions off in queer twilight tales such as *Séraphita* and *Louis Lambert*, tales as fantastic as *Undine*. For Thackeray, of course, this subliminal life, this su-

pra-sensual consciousness, has no existence. He, therefore, makes no attempt to show the pulsing of the universal life in his people's personalities. His characters are shut up within the personal world of desire. They will fight for self, and for family as an extension of the self. Dobbin is for Amelia and for his little Jane; the Colonel is for Clive; Barnes is for Barnes and family. One and all, good and bad, they do not so much desire power for the zest of enjoying its exercise, but wealth, in order that they may be comfortable and feel safe. And that is why, in the long run, their world is so unutterably dreary. When they have attained a dining room with family portraits and thick curtains, they have attained their heart's desire.

This sheltered world is the only possible excuse for the invention of explosive bombs. The true inhabitant of this mahogany paradise is not the Colonel, but that most perfect creation of Thackeray, Major Pendennis, the half-gentleman who has as much kinship with nature as those back teeth of his which his valet sometimes mislaid, whose dexterity reaches its height when he is tracing a *liaison* to its source whose most serious study is Debrett, and who only falters in his courage once — when he inquires whether the 'plucking' of Pen at Oxbridge was done publicly. Major Pendennis would have made a skilful murderer, with something easy and soothing in the poisoning line, for no one would know better than he how to show that delicate discrimination after the event which evades the hangman's noose. For of all the people ever born he would be least concerned with that aspect of murder which has nothing what-

ever to do with being 'found out.'

Major Pendennis it is who reconciles us to the harsh and bitter air of Balzac's Paris: it nips, it burns, it is pestilential at times. But it is, after all, the world of fighting men and eager women who are at any rate convinced that they are getting — somewhere. And a race is more amusing than an eternal merry-go-round. Nor do they feel it necessary to be incessantly practising the miracle described by Professor Keynes, of proving that, since they so strongly will what is good, it is impossible that anything they have done can be bad. Instead, they assume a vice and wear it proudly in the face of all men. Did ever a nation so gladly sing: 'What shall he have who killed the deer? His leathern skin and horns to wear?'

Thackeray, though he never touches high problems, though he was the last man in the world to force his will to enter those transcendental worlds which Balzac once or twice beheld from the mount of vision, though he has no notion, as Balzac sometimes had, of the gloriously complex nature of man, does yet create above the tawdry spectacle of *Vanity Fair* an atmosphere of serene purity — that abides. The qualities of simplicity, loyalty, and childlikeness may be misused, may be even made the occasions of tyranny and crime, but without them the noblest wisdom, the most brilliant intelligence, would be powerless to rebuild the world and build it better. At any rate, it is before the shrines of simplicity, loyalty, and purity that the Englishman burns incense, though his active service is paid to quite other gods.

Thackeray's knowledge of both types of Englishman is still quite unsurpassed.



[*L'Excelsior*, Paris]

## THE DEVIL, THE PAINTER, AND THE NEW SCHOOL

BY HORACE VAN OFFEL

ST. JOHN LAGNEAU was a painter and a genius, but, as the rewards of genius have not increased since the war, he was hungry. He was, in fact, so hungry that he regretted not being St. John — without the Lagneau — so that he could feast heartily on locusts and wild honey.

Once, indeed, he fasted during forty days and nights. Toward the end, being in an ecstatic condition, he was disturbed to discover that he had the gift of Second Sight. Without intending to alarm the population, he performed several miracles. He healed a paralytic soldier who was begging in the square of Antwerp. The cripple threw away his crutches and disappeared at top speed; it is true that, over the shoulder of St. John Lagneau appeared the purple face of a policeman.

In his better days, when he fared sumptuously, St. John Lagneau painted with ease and skill. On his canvas, faces and flowers and fruits appeared without effort. His palette teemed with the warm tones of the Flemish and Venetian masters; his eye caught the finest shades, the most delicate differences, and his hand never hesitated. His soul was fired with the loftiest enthusiasms. Sometimes he painted trees, reaching up happily into the still air — or twisted by wild storms; sometimes fruits with their rich colors, yellow and red apples, blue grapes, and cool, ripe melons. Sometimes he let his imagination go,

and peopled his canvasses with goddesses and nymphs, with fauns and dryads, with knights or shepherds, with golden galleons and ships of hope, with battles and with masquerades — with laughter and with tears.

But at present he could not indulge his tastes in art. The colors were too expensive and his eyes, weakened by his privations, lost the sense of proportion. He saw circles as rectangles and rectangles as circles. His sense of line and of color deserted him altogether. All his towers leaned like the leaning tower of Pisa; pedestrians were bigger than houses; faces had windows and walls had eyes; the sky was green and the trees blue.

St. John Lagneau was almost at the end of his rope when he was tempted, one morning, by Satan. The devil, drawing close to him, whispered:

'If you are a genius, you are one of God's children, and you can turn one of these stones into bread.'

'No,' answered Lagneau, 'I have n't the slightest desire to eat a piece of the Butte Monmartre.'

Thereupon the Devil led him up on the terrace of the Sacré Cœur.

'If you are a child of God,' he said, 'throw yourself from this height; for it is written that He will give His angels charge over thee, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone.'

'Very possibly,' answered St. John Lagneau, 'but I am not sure that the passage applies to me.'

The Devil then showed him all the

glory of the great city stretched out below them.

'I will give you all these things if you will bow down and worship me.'

'I will adore you with pleasure,' said Lagneau, 'for the price of a good dinner, but you must explain to me the technique of adoration.'

'Renounce then, O insensate man, the service of the cause you have sworn to follow. What an error is thine to attempt perfection in art. Did one ever see a masterpiece appreciated by contemporaries?'

'I am familiar with the indifference of the public,' said Lagneau.

'The public! The public is our stumbling block. The public is capricious but not altogether foolish. Does the public make reputation and wealth for an artist? No, the dealers, the collectors, the connoisseurs, the critics do that, and, by instinct and necessity, they are hostile to changes, particularly to changes in existing values. Genius can sometimes, by chance, please the public, but it never pleases artistic snobs. You could exhibit a miracle of painting at the busiest street corner in the world, and no critical review would mention it. I know a poet — one of your own friends who has written a hundred immortal pages — yet he passes for a humorist. On the other hand, if you can perpetrate some great stroke of folly you will, like the donkey who painted a sunset with his tail, set all Paris talking. Do just the opposite of your former work. Turn your back to the altar, replace prayer with blasphemy, the statue of Apollo with a stuffed gorilla and the muses with seven drunk paroquets, and in a week you will be famous.'

'One can always try,' said St. John Lagneau, thoughtfully.

The next day he inaugurated a new school of art, compared with which

other recent schools were mere timid pleasantries. He painted upside down and wrongside before. He tacked his work blouse to a triangular frame and wrote at the bottom: 'Nocturnal Reverie of a Demobilized Dentist at the Foot of a Zinc Candlestick.' He exhibited virgin canvasses, with his typewritten signature in the corner. He lined up seven color tubes in a box, and labeled this masterpiece 'The Symphony of a Hundred Thousand Possibilities.' At the end of two or three weeks he was more famous than a prize fighter. Profiteers fought for his pictures, his photograph was in all the shop windows, interviewers gushed over his new studio, or the delicate color of his pajamas; everyone discussed his bons mots, his vices, his plagiarisms. He ate three square meals a day. . . .

One morning as he was crossing the Place de la Concorde, St. Jean Lagneau stopped to contemplate the elaborate arrangement of monuments and fountains. The Obelisk thrust at the clouds its diamond shaped point; above the dark water of the fountains, bronze sirens twisted their beautiful and monstrous bodies. Farther away beyond their gilded grille he saw the lawns and terraces and grass-bordered walks of the Tuileries Gardens, the clean line of classic buildings, and the royal crest of the Louvre. And as he looked in the other direction he followed with his eyes the tranquil harmony of the upward slope of the Champs Elysées; like a triumphal march it seemed to sweep up to the high gates of heaven: to the Arch of Triumph!

St. John Lagneau bowed his head, 'My God,' he murmured, 'how simple and how beautiful it is! What dignity and grace in this familiar view where man's genius and the genius of nature have worked together! It is high time

for me to become reasonable again!"

He went back to his studio and set to work immediately in his old manner. With no effort at all his brush rediscovered its old magic; he seemed to touch with enchantment all the subjects he painted.

Again on his vibrant canvasses flowers came into blossom, fruits and trees appeared, again one saw there those laughing nymphs, heroes, and shepherds, forests and gardens, battles and masquerades, laughter and tears.

"What the devil is this?" shouted the picture dealer to whom he showed these treasures of light and joy. "These are n't St. John Lagneau's. No one would buy that for a St. John Lagneau! What's the matter with you? Don't you know that if you change your style you are finished?"

St. John went elsewhere, but always received the same answer. Very soon it began to be whispered that St. John Lagneau was done — empty. The unhappy man understood at last that he was condemned to create ugliness all his life — so true it is that the sin against the spirit is the unforgivable sin.

In his despair he hanged himself! When he was dead, the Devil went to find the Prince of the Demons, and said to him:

"Well, we got him, but it cost me fifty thousand francs."

"That's very dear," said Lucifer. "I got Judas for thirty pieces of silver!"

"Everything is going up," answered Satan.

[*The Athenæum*]

## NEGRO SCULPTURE

BY CLIVE BELL

ALREADY the show of African and Oceanian sculpture is sending the cultivated public to the ethnographical collections in the British Museum,

just as, last autumn, the show organized in Paris by M. Paul Guillaume filled the Trocadero. Fine ladies, young painters, and exquisite amateurs are now to be seen in those long, dreary rooms that once were abandoned to missionaries, anthropologists, and colonial soldiers, enhancing their prestige by pointing out to stay-at-home cousins the relics of a civilization they helped to destroy. For my part I like the change. I congratulate the galleries and admire the visitors, though the young painters, I cannot help thinking, have been a little slow.

Negro art was discovered — its real merit was first recognized, I mean — some fifteen years ago, in Paris, by the painters there. Picasso, Derain, Matisse, and Vlaminck began picking up such pieces as they could find in old curiosity and pawn shops; with Guillaume Apollinaire, literary apostle, following apostolically at their heels. Thus a demand was created which M. Paul Guillaume was there to meet, and stimulate. But, indeed, the part played by that enterprising dealer is highly commendable; for, the Trocadero collections being, unlike the British, mediocre both in quantity and quality, it was he who put the most sensitive public in Europe — a little cosmopolitan group of artists, critics, and amateurs — in the way of seeing a number of first-rate things.

Because, in the past, Negro art has been treated with absurd contempt; we are all inclined now to overpraise it; and because I mean to keep my head, I shall doubtless, by my best friends, be called a fool. Judging from the available data — no great stock by the way — I should say that Negro art was entitled to a place among the great schools, but that it was no match for the greatest. With the greatest I would compare it. I would compare it with the art of the supreme

Chinese periods (from Han to Sung), with archaic Greek, with Byzantine, with Mahomedan, which, for archæological purposes, begins under the Sassanians a hundred years and more before the birth of the prophet; I would compare it with Romanesque and early Italian (from Giotto to Raffael); but I would place it below all these. On the other hand, when I consider the whole corpus of black art known to us, and compare it with Assyrian, Roman, Indian, true Gothic (not Romanesque, that is to say), or late Renaissance, it seems to me that the blacks have the best of it. And, on the whole, I should be inclined to place West and Central African art, at any rate, on a level with Egyptian.

Such sweeping classifications, however, are not to be taken too seriously. All I want to say is that, though the capital achievements of the greatest schools do seem to me to have an absolute superiority over anything Negro I have seen, yet the finest black sculpture is so rich in artistic qualities that it is entitled to a place beside them.

I write, thinking mainly of sculpture, because it was an exhibition of sculpture that set me off. It should be remembered, however, that perhaps the most perfect achievements of these savages are to be found among their textiles and basket-work. Here, their exquisite taste and sense of quality and their unsurpassed gift for filling a space are seen to greatest advantage, while their shortcomings lie almost hid. But it is their sculpture which, at the moment, excites us most, and by it they may fairly be judged. Exquisiteness of quality is its most attractive characteristic. Touch one of these African figures and it will remind you of the rarest Chinese porcelain. What delicacy in the artist's sense of relief and modeling is here implied! What

tireless industry and patience! Run your hand over a limb, or a torso, or, better still, over some wooden vessel; there is no flaw, no break in the continuity of the surface; the thing is alive from end to end. And this extraordinary sense of quality seems to be universal among them. I think I never saw a genuine nigger object that was vulgar — except, of course, things made quite recently under European direction. This is a delicious virtue, but it is a precarious one. It is precarious because it is not self-conscious: because it has not been reached by the intelligent understanding of an artist, but springs from the instinctive taste of primitive people.

I have seen an Oxfordshire laborer work himself beautifully a handle for his hoe, in the true spirit of a savage and an artist, admiring and envying all the time the lifeless machine-made article hanging, out of his reach, in the village shop. The savage gift is precarious because it is unconscious. Once let the black or the peasant become acquainted with the showy utensils of industrialism, or with cheap, realistic painting and sculpture, and, having no critical sense wherewith to protect himself, he will be bowled over for a certainty. He will admire; he will imitate; he will be undone.

At the root of this lack of artistic self-consciousness lies the defect which accounts for the essential inferiority of Negro to the very greatest art. Savages lack self-consciousness and the critical sense because they lack intelligence. And because they lack intelligence they are incapable of profound conceptions. Beauty, taste, quality, and skill, all are here; but profundity of vision is not. And because they cannot grasp complicated ideas they fail, generally, to create organic wholes. One of the chief characteristics of the very greatest artists is this power of

creating wholes which, as wholes, are of infinitely greater value than the sum of their parts. That, it seems to me, is what savage artists generally fail to do.

Also they lack originality. I do not forget that Negro sculptors have had to work in a very strict convention. They have been making figures of tribal gods and fetishes, and have been obliged meticulously to respect the tradition. But were not European primitives and Buddhists similarly bound, and did they not contrive to circumvent their doctrinal limitations? That the African artists seem hardly to have attempted to conceive the figure afresh for themselves and realize in wood a personal vision does, I think, imply a definite want of creative imagination. Just how serious a defect you will hold this to be, will depend on the degree of importance you attach to complete self-expression. Savage artists seem to express themselves in details. You must seek their personality in the quality of their relief, their modulation of surface, their handling of material, and their choice of ornament. Seek, and you will be handsomely rewarded; in these things the niggers have never been surpassed. Only when you begin to look for that passionate affirmation of a personal vision which we Europeans, at any rate, expect to find in the greatest art, will you run a risk of being disappointed. It will be then, if ever, that you will be tempted to think that these exquisitely gifted black artists are, perhaps, as much like birds building their nests as men expressing their profoundest emotions.

And now come the inevitable questions — where were these things made, and when? 'At different times and in different places,' would be the most sensible reply. About the provenance of any particular piece it is generally

possible to say something vague; about dates we know next to nothing. At least I do; and when I consider that we have no records and no trustworthy criteria, and that so learned and brilliant an archæologist as Mr. Joyce professes ignorance, I am not much disposed to believe that anyone knows more. I am aware that certain amateurs think to enhance the value of their collections by conferring dates on their choicer specimens; I can understand why dealers encourage them in this vanity; and, seeing that they go to the collectors and dealers for their information, I suppose one ought not to be surprised when journalists come out with their astounding attributions. The facts are as follows:

We know that Portuguese adventurers had a considerable influence on African art in the sixteenth, and even in the fifteenth, century. There begins our certain knowledge. Of work so influenced a small quantity exists. Of earlier periods we know nothing precise. There are oral traditions of migrations, empires, and dynasties: often there is evidence of past invasions and the supersession of one culture by another: and that is all. The discoveries of explorers have so far thrown little light on archæology; and, in most parts of West and Central Africa, it would be impossible even for trained archæologists to establish a chronological sequence such as can be formed when objects are found buried in the sand one above the other. But, in fact, it is to vague traders and missionaries, rather than to trained archæologists, that we owe most of our fine pieces, which, as often as not, have been passed from hand to hand till, after many wanderings, they reached the coast. Add to all this the fact that most African sculpture is in wood (except of course those famous products of early European influence, the



bronze castings from Benin), that this wood is exposed to a devastating climate—hot and damp—to say nothing of the still more deadly white ants, and you will probably agree that the dealer or amateur who betickets his prizes with such little tags as 'Gabun, tenth century,' evinces a perhaps exaggerated confidence in our gullibility.

Whenever these artists may have flourished, it seems they flourish no more. The production of idols and fetishes continues, but the production of fine art is apparently at an end. The tradition is moribund, a misfortune one is tempted to attribute, along with most that have lately afflicted that unhappy continent, to the whites. To do so, however, would not be altogether just. Such evidence as we possess—and pretty slight it is—goes to show that even in the uninhabited parts of West Central Africa the arts are decadent: wherever the modern white man has been busy they are, of course, extinct. According to experts, Negro art, already in the eighteenth century, was falling into a decline from some obscure, internal cause. Be that as it may, it was doomed in any case. Before the bagman with his Brummagem goods, an art of this sort was bound to go the way that in Europe our applied arts, the art of the potter, the weaver, the builder, and the joiner, the arts that in

some sort resembled it, have gone.

No purely instinctive art can stand against the machine. And thus it comes about that, at the present moment, we have in Europe the extraordinary spectacle of a grand efflorescence of the highly self-conscious, self-critical, intellectual, individualistic art of painting among the ruins of the instinctive, uncritical, communal, and easily impressed arts of utility. Industrialism, which, with its vulgar finish and superabundant ornament, has destroyed not only popular art but popular taste, has merely isolated the self-conscious artist and the critical appreciator; and the nineteenth century (from Stephenson to Mr. Ford), which ruined the crafts, in painting (from Ingres to Picasso) rivals the fifteenth.

Meanwhile, the scholarly activities of dealers and journalists notwithstanding, there is no such thing as nigger archaeology; for which let us be thankful. Here, at any rate, are no great names to scare us into dishonest admiration. Here is no question of dates and schools to give the lecturer his chance of spoiling our pleasure. Here is nothing to distract our attention from the one thing that matters—æsthetic significance. Here is nigger sculpture: you may like it or dislike it, but at any rate you have no inducement to judge it on anything but its merits.

[The Cornhill Magazine] .

## A WOMAN'S MEMORIES OF OLD VIENNA

To me, sitting here alone, reading the accounts of suffering in the United Empires, there comes a strange vision. I see no ruin, no suffering. With me is only the tender grace of a day that is dead — dead beyond earthly resurrection. Even now in my memory it is hardly a 'vision splendid,' but it is graceful and gracious, youth adorns it, careless gaiety is in its laugh, its smiles are as sunshine. Dancing souls had nimble feet, no misgivings sobered, nor were there hollow echoes of world sorrows to disturb the ear of the dancers. I was young, too, but for me the sense of tragedy was ever present, for to my family and myself came the distant voices of the American Civil War. There was no submarine cable then; we had only laggard posts, heavy with serious news, freighted with accounts of battles in which friends and relatives might have lost their lives — lives given for a cause which they thought vital to their nation, a cause for which that great prophet and mystic, Father Abraham, was offered up as the supreme sacrifice. Even so — yet I am telling my light tale as it then came to me!

We were in a sense pioneers. Previous United States representatives — guiltless of French or German speech — quite unaccustomed to European influences, quailed before what seemed a mediæval fortress to storm and did not pass the drawbridge. In that, as in other things, enlightenment and accomplishment have come since.

We were armed with some necessary implements. My father — surely I may say it now — had his personal

distinctions, his striking appearance, his knowledge of languages, his social gifts, and could make his way in spite of political opinions certainly not those of most of his colleagues. I once heard him described as 'un homme très aimable mais affreusement rouge!' Our younger, more humble, contributions included knowledge of necessary foreign languages, which we owed to parental oversight of our education.

Vienna society was unlike any other that I have ever seen. The Emperor Francis Joseph, in 1848, when frightened kings in various lands were stampeding in different directions, was chosen to succeed his abdicating predecessor and uncle; Francis Joseph, who on assuming the Imperial title said, 'Ade, meine Jugend!' (Adieu, my Youth!), was then reigning as he continued to do until extreme old age. That might be his revenge for the loss of his youth, although it was not a full compensation, for, as I once heard a still beautiful English woman (whom time was touching) complain, 'Life is too long at the wrong end!' At this period, in the sixties, the tragedies had not yet come which were to sear *his* life, although they did not break it. Still also at one great Court Ball in the year the stately form of the magnificent Empress Elizabeth swept up the palace floor in diaphanous robes of white tulle, her wealth of bright chestnut hair, falling almost to her waist at the back, powdered with diamond stars; other splendid crown jewels adorning her.\* Often, it was

\* There were smaller or 'Kammer' balls, to which diplomats were not bidden.

whispered (I do not vouch for it), she seemed hardly to have left the ball-room when her tired ladies were told that they must be ready to ride with her in the early morning. The craving for the wild movement, the instinct of the chase, in the freshness of the day, were in her blood. She later was to gratify it more fully on foreign hunting fields where she must still be remembered.

Not long were we blessed with that radiant presence; less and less did she appear. She, too, was a mystic, and there were moments in far later years, after the great grief of her son's death and its attendant sorrow had come upon her, when those in sore trial heard from her lips words of counsel, of solemn purport and meaning; not, as the uninitiated thought, utterances born of the insanity of her Bavarian House, but of higher intent, of more supreme wisdom. In outward seeming she was full of wayward fancies, of perversities and vanities where the morbid strain in her blood doubtless appeared. Happiness was not her portion, even if hers were a golden sorrow. Her unknown doom was waiting for her, and guiltless of evil herself, she was to fall by the assassin's hand in an alien country.

There were only two Imperial children at that time, the Crown Prince Rudolph and the Archduchess Gisela, two little heads looking out of a big yellow carriage who might have been cherubim for anything the passer-by knew to the contrary.

Everything in that Vienna world was fixed as fate. Kismet, it was written. As usual in Catholic countries *Fashing* (carnival) for balls, Lent for evening receptions, dinner at five o'clock in winter to allow of attendance at theatre or opera afterwards on alternate nights. The little old Burg theatre then existed, awkward of shape,

imperfect of lighting, where a repertoire of excellent plays was interpreted by equally excellent actors. At the then Kärtner Thor Opera House, they gave, among other works, some of the early Wagner Operas, *The Flying Dutchman*, *Tannhäuser*—spoken of then without enthusiasm as the music of the future.

In the afternoon were walks in the *Prater* (park), always on one particular side. Old Archduke Franz Karl, the Emperor's father, who was passed over as of hardly sufficient intellect when the *Ade* to youth was sounded, went gravely bowing to subjects who were not his—a Hapsburg without a crown, as we have lived to see over again in the recent cataclysm. There passed other habitués—their little histories known, their mild romances countenanced. We did not walk far; a revolutionary stranger might insist on penetrating to the Danube, on which it was popularly supposed Vienna was situated. Generations have danced to the strains of the 'Blue Danube' waltz; I cannot say that the real river looked blue, yet by calling it so tradition was perhaps preserved.

On May 1 came the festive *Prater Fahrt* (drive in the park), open carriages full of fair ladies in light spring array, through blossoming chestnut trees, spring welcomed, smiles abundant. Smiles that linger in the memory, although youth has long since departed, and death has been busy with his scythe. If there happened to be an affianced couple in any of the attending families the carriage contained them; the future bride (*Braut*) bearing a large bouquet, round and stiff of shape—varied in color—young and smiling faces making a bright addition to the welcome of May.

Hear a short extract from an old diary, written by one who joined in the festivities:

Jan. 28th. . . . I have lately been to three balls. First to what they call a 'Picnic,' or subscription ball, held in a large *Saal*, music excellent. Dancing began at ten and lasted until three a.m., when the Cotillon, which I danced with Count R., came to an end. The mothers sat on raised benches at one end of the room, with pearl necklaces as great as their names, looking benignantly, wearily, sleepily down as the hours wore on. The girls crowded together in the middle of the room like a flight of doves, or herd of sheep, or any other noun of multitude, signifying many. They had pretty, fresh toilettes, and appeared gifted with great powers of endurance as well as of enjoyment.

The second 'Picnic' was more crowded than the first — two Archdukes, two Archduchesses, all the first and many second society people. Men very abundant, almost all my dances engaged beforehand.

A leading note is struck by the 'Picnic' ball. It is only there that the *crème de la crème* is socially brought in contact with the outside world. There is one pretty woman in particular, belonging to the outer circle, who is very conspicuous on these occasions — who has all the men at her feet.

All other gatherings, except one or two big public balls, where the Emperor and Empress walked through the rooms, were for the proud bearers of sixteen quarterings. The maternal Princesses and Countesses met together in their appointed place — the girls only kissed the hand of the hostess on arrival, and retired to their own sanctum, the *Contessen Zimmer*. One newly arrived daughter of a diplomat, clinging for a moment shyly to her mother, the latter was told, 'Send her away; people will be shocked to see her here!' As at a dance all the *Contessen* herded together in a sacred room set apart for them, she was relegated to the *Contessen Zimmer*, occupied only by the unmarried, which was briefly visited by expectant partners, gay huzzars and lancers, or young diplomats — the girls wearing small temporary ermine capes round their shoulders — a fashion recalled by the snow-white neckwear of the present day. Between each dance they all foregathered again and there was absolutely no 'sitting out.'

A few of the great houses entertained. At the Schwartzenburg Palace the guests ascended the staircase between two rows of retainers in the livery of the house, with still more magnificently clothed ones at the top — a fine *coup d'œil*! At some of the big balls the first cotillon ended with

supper, after which began a second cotillon, lasting until at dawn coffee sustained the nearly exhausted revelers. For these great occasions there were cards of invitation; for the Lenten evening parties, however, a servant left a message at the door inviting their Excellencies and daughters to come to Princess or Countess — 's' house every Thursday evening during Lent, 'after the theatre,' exactly as in the form recorded in Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet*, when Romeo wrests the paper from Capulet's servant: 'Signor Martino and his wife and daughters; County Anselme and his beauteous sisters; the lady widow of Petrurio; Signor Placentio and his lovely nieces; . . . mine uncle Capulet and his wife and daughters, my fair niece Rosaline . . .,' the adjectives being however omitted! As I remember there were no cloak-rooms; the footman of each family brought the ladies' wraps, which he had guarded in their carriage — an arrangement possible in a society of a few hundred people.

The small number of guests, and the large rooms at dances, made for pleasure, and there was only one festive occasion on the same night. Young ladies had *danses fixes* — that is, the first waltz with the same partner, wherever they met. One young Italian secretary had a form of invitation — 'Est-ce que c'est pour ce soir ou pour la vie?' Archdukes abounded; they were met by the host at his door with servants bearing candelabra, after which the Imperial ones amused themselves as they liked. Young Austrians put naïve questions to outside barbarians, such as 'Is Boston situated on the Amazon? Are the Confederates encamped near New York?' but Strauss's dance music charmed the ears and all went merry as a marriage bell.

There were some stately figures

seen, even through the pinprick aperture of the *Contessen Zimmer* by temporary occupants, admitted there by right of diplomatic position — Count Mensdorff, Minister of Foreign Affairs, finest of grand seigneurs, to whom came once an American envoy,\* having heard a rumor of Lincoln's assassination, craving for official news. The minister received him — simply put an arm round his shoulder — and spoke no word.

There was the 'Grand Maitre de la Cour,' high bred and charming; also, one remembers a certain stout old General, not supposed to be a Puritan, who, when remonstrated with for some *fredaine*, jovially observed, 'Oh, I am all right; I have a very pious sister who is always praying for me! When I die and come to where St. Peter is guarding the gate, the Lord (*bon Dieu*) will say, "Laisse le passer, c'est le frère de cette femme assommante qui ne me laisse jamais un moment de repos!"' †

Through our bankers we had some contact with the *haute finance*, in whose families was much dignity and education apart from financial knowledge. There was old Baron Henikstein, with long black whiskers, who had the gruesome habit of sleeping every night in his coffin, although I never heard that his progress towards another world was either advanced or retarded by the practise. He could hardly have heard of a precedent as chronicled in Southey's *Life of Nelson*, when in Egypt Captain Hallowell kindly and considerately caused a coffin to be completed, with admirable work and kind intentions, out of relics of the 'Orient,' sending it to the great Admiral with best wishes for his prolonged life, but facilitating snug lying in the Abbey in case the nation

had the misfortune to lose him! Nelson, like the great man he was, received the gift in the spirit in which it was meant, and was with difficulty restrained from having it on constant view in his cabin!

Baron Anselm Rothschild, the Viennese representative of his family, used quietly to invite the members of a charming English Embassy and ourselves to dine at a later hour (regardless of the theatre), where we could talk of many things known to us in 'perfidious Albion,' and from that Embassy, in spite of the somewhat strained relations between our countries, we never heard one unkind or uncourteous word. Some of Baron Rothschild's family were well known in England afterwards for their splendid hospitality and generosity, but it was in Vienna that they entertained a bright musical star who shone upon us, and Adelina Patti, in her first youth, thrilled us with her wonderful voice. Her brother-in-law Strakosch, an American subject, brought her to our house, a fresh American girl quite unspoiled by the triumphs then so easily won.

There was a most interesting English Embassy. I do not like to make this a mere list of names, but really it seems a roll call that I chronicle. Beside the Ambassador and Lady Bloomfield come the Honorable Julian Fane with his friend and fellow-poet, afterwards Lord Lytton, Ambassador and Viceroy, Lord Sudley, afterwards Lord Arran, another who had a far different destiny, and died 'Father Antrobus' in the bosom of the Roman Catholic Church. Others came and went, weaving their own future; the only survivor, I think, is my friend Sir William Barrington.

In the Duc de Gramont and his family we found warm friends. The grave Spanish Envoy and my father

\* My father.

† Let him pass; he is the brother of that intolerable woman who never leaves me a moment's rest.



had much in their intercourse of mutual interest, and his two very charming daughters were much admired and we loved them. All met at the Lenten gatherings when summoned as by the Capulet's form of invitation, and where there was more conversation, chiefly on domestic and family subjects, with the same rigid separation of generations. 'Grüss dich Gott' (God greet thee) resounded from 'friend to friend,' a prettier greeting than the 'Gott strafe England' which has been heard in our day.

These young girls were full of lively, youthful graces, with pleasant looks, often fair faces, and the delightful natural manner that seemed an Austrian birthright. We made friends among them — my sisters more easily than myself — as the youngest grew up in Vienna, escaping the inevitable shyness of a new comer.

Of course the *real Contessen* had fathers, uncles, brothers, known to them at home in a closely intermarried society. The young male diplomats had a great advantage, as when 'accepted' as to family and position they were invited to shoot on the great estates.

There were also *Contessen soirées* at which no chaperons were required as no one of the male sex was admitted. The links between us all may have seemed of gossamer then, but some of them became links of steel. It was at a 'Picnic' ball that the *Götter Kinder\** (Daughters of the Gods) first burst on my enraptured sight — loveliness incarnate — youth and grace in the glance of the eyes, the tones of the voice. Those whom the Gods love die young; and one was taken, but not before she had been both wife and mother; her last child costing her her life. These and others came in the late

spring or early summer to a 'garden that we loved' — croquet parties began. What pictures rise to my mind, what dear ones live again! There was one there whose tender heart and power of sympathy made her the confidante and helper in little love stories now long outlived; her destiny was not then fulfilled, great sorrows fell upon her, and were met with noble courage here in England, and two best-beloved sons were to lay down their lives, one in South Africa, and one in France. 'Is there a grief beneath the sun that ere it endeth fits but one?'

This little tale is but the merest froth on the surface of deep waters. It merely gives an *atmosphere* which seemed somehow to veil and change into lightness which might have shown great waves and dangerous depths. Intelligence was there among us, as I know from one dear friend still living, who found its outward expression when she sojourned in other countries where talent and knowledge were more encouraged, and where she sought them regardless of 'sixteen quarterings' in her friends.

I only write of what I experienced and saw personally. This slight sketch is a memory, not in any sense my own history. In 1866, I had left and gone for a time to America. The United States Legation then lived through far more interesting days. The war came between Austria and Prussia. Austrians showed chivalrous instincts which in former centuries would have prompted them to don helmets and buckle on breast-plates. *Prussia had the Needle gun.*

A wider canvas than my miniature one, which is of an earlier day than his, is to be found in Mr. Wickham Steed's most interesting *Hapsburg Monarchy*. Full justice is done therein to certain chivalrous instincts and fine aims of the Emperor, but we gasp at the thought

\* Countess Louis Karólyi and Countess Béla Szechenyi, née Erdödy.

that such a system of government should have been still deemed possible in this age of the world. We tremble and we shiver when we remember what has come since. Francis Joseph has rendered up his account, since 'Vienna showed a whole population trying to be gay,' because other and serious efforts had no cohesion and hung helpless in the air, 'turned away by the authorities from public affairs toward amusement': all being proud of Vienna, knowing how much real talent there was both in Jew and Gentile, but seeming 'hypnotized by the general atmosphere of unreality.' Since the brilliant pictures of the *Hapsburg Monarchy* Nemesis has come with hideous visage. We know that the ultimatum to Serbia went from Austro-Hungary. Are we beginning to know under what domination Austro-Hungary then stood? The weak, careless, courteous people in the grip of the strong. There was another nation that had within itself the elements of greatness, which forgot its own *long ago* noble past — forgot when poets were counted seers; when in Luther's land hymns were sung *believingly* to the God who was a firm tower, and Christ was reverently asked to come into the ship of life. Forgotten — for what? For the mad ambition to gain the whole world and lose its own soul — listening to the voice of the evil spirit to 'fall down and worship' — decreeing Kultur in a shape that has made demons rejoice and angels weep.

[*The Spectator*]

## THE HOPES OF SCIENCE

DURING the last few years the energies of science were diverted into military channels. Our leading investigators of Nature turned away from their cloistered walks to dabble in high explosives and gas warfare, hydrophones

and depth charges, sound ranging and incendiary bullets, the treatment of gunshot wounds, and the prevention of disease among the troops. Now that the advent of peace has permitted them to set up their old apparatus, and go on with their interrupted experiments, it would be very interesting to hear from a select committee of the Royal Society what are the hopes of science for the immediate future. Is the world, for instance, on the threshold of a great discovery that will revolutionize our social life as completely as did the invention of the steam engine after the Napoleonic wars? Professor Soddy, who speaks with as high authority on this matter as any living physicist, thinks it not impossible that such a discovery may be made almost at once.

The new science of radioactivity, which is entirely the product of the twenty years before the war, not only has raised the veil from the internal mysteries of the atom, but also has indicated, as no remote possibility, the tapping of a supply of energy 'as much beyond that of fuel as the latter is beyond brute energy.' Ninety per cent of the industrial problems of society are soluble by a cheap and abundant source of energy. At present, most of our work is done by the combustion of fuel, which is anything but cheap. The grave social problem raised by the increasing demands of the miner, and the hardly less grave political problem of our commitments in Mesopotamia, are alike due to the dependence of our industries on coal and oil. The only substitute hitherto known is water power, 'white coal' as the French call it, and in most parts of Europe this is not available on a large scale. But we know now that a practically inexhaustible source of energy is to be found in the rapid motion of the electrons which, like a miniature solar system, consti-

tute the atoms of all bodies. It has been calculated that the intra-atomic energy which might be liberated from a pound of coal, if we could find any way of setting it free, and harnessing it to a motor, would do as much work as the burning of one hundred and fifty tons of coal. Up to the present, indeed, no means of liberating this energy has been discovered. We only know of its existence because a few elements, like radium, set it free spontaneously, and they are so scarce and costly to free from their ores that their use for industrial purposes is unthinkable.

The real problem is to discover some kind of atomic detonator which will start the electrons of a cheap and common substance like wood, or water, giving out this internal energy at such an orderly rate that we can utilize it to drive our machinery. The achievement of such a discovery is perhaps the strongest and most assured hope which post-war science has to offer to a waiting and over-burdened world. It may be, after all, that the problem is insoluble; but the best authorities seem to hold that it might be solved within a very few years, if men devoted to its study a tithe of the ingenuity and money which were lavished in the last five years on the simpler problem of wholesale destruction.

In regard to the less recondite problems of the material world we should imagine that the hopes of science are running very high. The chief of these problems falls under three heads, familiar to those who have had some experience of army work — transport, supply and sanitation. Science applied to these matters has a reasonable hope of making vast improvements within the next generation — electric-driven passenger expresses running at two miles a minute; goods trains on special lines with proper arrangements for loading which will enable the companies to pay

dividends again while reducing their rates; a network of glass or rubber motor roads covering the whole of Europe with a regular service of five-ton lorries and fast cars; great submarine liners which are independent of wind or weather, and cargo boats which will dwarf the Olympic or the Mauretania; above all, the development of aircraft for peaceful purposes on a scale comparable to that achieved in five years by the needs of war, till the Atlantic is bridged within a day, and Sydney is brought as near London as Edinburgh was a century ago, while the motor cycle is superseded by the cheap and handy aeroplane for Sunday jaunts and week-end excursions.

As regards the supply of food and clothing, the hopes of science are almost limitless. We are only on the threshold of the marvels which may be produced by a scientific treatment of agriculture. The introduction of machinery, the development of new forms of animal and vegetable life, the abolition of noxious insects, the modification of soils by manure, and of climates by forestry and irrigation, are still in their infancy. Science has even gone so far as conceive an age in which some future race of men 'instead of sitting down to dinner, will attach themselves to something akin to an electric lamp socket and draw thence from the public mains the supply of pure physical energy required for the day's work' — but that is not so much a hope as a devout imagination, based, perhaps, on the popular but misleading conception of the 'scientist' as a lean and arid individual who takes no interest in his meals.

Lastly, we have the great field of health problems, where the hopes of science again run high. Is it too much to say that we are within measurable distance of the abolition of preventable diseases, the stamping out of syphilis

and tuberculosis, the elimination of physical unfitness? High medical authorities will assure us that the thing can be done within a generation or two, so far as science is concerned; but, unfortunately, human nature will creep in, and the problem is a political and social as well as a medical one. As for that blessed word eugenics, we hardly dare mention it here, it is so beset with thorny dangers. But hope is not forbidden — as the troops used to say, some hope.

We have only space left just to mention some subjects of less practical importance. There is the fascinating question of other worlds — is Mars inhabited, for instance? Every argument from analogy leads to the conclusion that it should be, and the observations of Professor Lowell and his successors incline many to believe that we can actually watch the Martian seed-time and harvest, year by year, under that amazing system of irrigation which makes the most hopeless desert blos-

som. Science is not unwilling to hope that some day we may get into touch with these wonderful people by means of wireless messages, and to indulge in speculations as to the sort of message that could be sent between two races so ignorant of one another's language and mode of thought. It must be something simple and universal, like 'two and two make four,' to begin with.

Professor Einstein's recondite work, which there are very few to understand, seems again to encourage a hope that we shall one day find ourselves in touch with the Fourth Dimension, in which the idealist thinks he may find the explanation of so many mysteries. Lastly, does science hold out any hope of penetrating the most attractive of all mysteries and establishing communication with the departed spirits of our friends? We fear that the time has not yet come for this achievement to be placed among the hopes of science, but what would mankind not give to be assured of the contrary?